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MONARCHY AND REPUBLICANISM.

WHILE thrones are crashing all around us, and Europe swarms with paper constitutions, promising an instantaneous return of the golden age to mankind in general, speculative and considerate people naturally begin to balance in their minds the relative advantages of the various competing forms of government which the wit and wisdom of the new generation are propounding for unhesitating adoption. People here, in prosy old England, hitherto deemed the land of liberty, are beginning to rub their eyes, like sleepers awakened, and to ask themselves whether we are not grievously behind the rest of the world—*rococo, fades, passés*, out of date, and so forth? We hear such an eternal din about republics, and citizens, and universal suffrage, and “down with the aristocrats!” and presidents, and provisional governments, and all the rest of it, that even steady-going, solid old folks are half frightened into being revolutionists, and are almost disposed to believe that kings and queens are humbugs after all.

As for the old notion about the divine right of kings, it is clear gone from the land, unless perhaps it linger unobserved in some remote country parsonage, some college cell, or some corner of the *Morning Post* or *John Bull* newspapers. Nobody would dream of reviving the old story about legitimacy, except on mere grounds of expediency, any more than they would coolly propose to the Royal Society the adoption of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy. We all see that kings and queens reign for the good of their subjects, and not for their own personal benefit; and that the only interpretation that can be given to the theory of a divine right is, that all lawful authority is sanctioned by Almighty God, and therefore binds the consciences of good Christians. We have woken up from our dream, and have perceived that it is about as easy to trace the genealogy of the next street-sweeper from the days of Noah, as to shew that any reigning sovereign on earth

has a legitimate title, in the way of *descent*, to the crown he wears.

Thus the question between Monarchy and Republicanism (we use the words in their common acceptation) has become simply a question as to which of the two answers best the ends of good government and practical popular liberty? The continental nations, having had more than enough of the antique despotic rule, very naturally rush headlong to the other extreme, and think that personal freedom is impossible without universal suffrage, one legislative house, and a gingerbread king at the top of all. The growth of a constitution is with them an impossibility. They cannot wait for it. The old rotten building has tumbled about their heads, and they must have a great, staring, lath-and-plaster edifice, raised up in a few days, and white-washed all over, to look as like a marble palace as may be. How long these mushroom halls will last, amidst the stormy weather that hangs over the political sky, they reckon not for a moment; nor do they reflect whether they can find instantaneously a race of inhabitants who will know how to dwell in the fragile tenement, without bringing it down to the ground with a fresh and headlong ruin. We, who have the happiness to live in stone buildings, though somewhat confined, dingy, and out of repair, look on in amazement at the marvellous facility with which our continental friends are about to entrust themselves and all they hold most dear, to these ephemeral erections.

Yet now and then the thought crosses our minds whether a Republic is, after all, so great a monstrosity as we have been wont in our loyalty and zeal to account it. The race of kings turns out so infamously ill, in the majority of instances, that we cannot help asking ourselves why we bind ourselves to accept the rule of one single family, following one rigid line of hereditary descent, even though they be imbecile, like him of Austria; or wretched, vacillating, and cruel, like him of Naples; or heartless, despotic, and unbending, like him of Russia. When the blood of the people can at any moment send forth tens of thousands of men, infinitely superior in natural abilities to the average race of the sovereigns of Europe, it sometimes strikes the Englishman that he is a mere fool to cling to the latter when he might have the former. When we have learnt to look upon *ourselves* as the supreme power in the land, we cannot help now and then asking ourselves for what conceivable reason we choose to make a kind of god out of one of our number, distinguished for no peculiar personal qualities whatever, when we might have a President of a Republic, exactly to our taste, as often as we pleased to take the trouble of electing him.

The true solution of such questions as these we take to be the very last which suggests itself to the mere

superficial politician. Whatever be the state of the case in other countries, a Monarchy like ours is more essentially *democratic* than any really working Republic that could possibly be devised. We do not, of course, mean that our whole constitution is as democratic as possible. While the millions are unrepresented in Parliament, such an assertion would be the most monstrous of absurdities. But this we say, that a more free, complete, and vigorous assertion of its rights is secured to the democratic portion of those who *have* political power by our present Monarchy, than would be practicable in any conceivable Republic. Never yet in the whole history of man has it been found possible to enable a Republican Executive to *exist* with such limited powers as those which are now in the hands of the Sovereign of this empire. A President, who was as powerless to control the masses of the population, or the majority and minority in Parliament, as is Queen Victoria at the moment we are writing, could not carry on the home and foreign affairs of a Republic for a single day. It is in order to secure the *actual* supreme authority to the House of Commons that we cling to an hereditary Monarchy as the safeguard of our liberties. It is because we know the infinite value of forms, ceremonies, rank, station, and office, in regulating the action of a vigorous and healthy commonwealth, that we rejoice to behold that singular device in the history of politics, the British Monarchy, more firmly fixed in the soil of the kingdom than it has ever been since England was a nation. Were not the Sovereignty of these realms hedged around with a multitude of ideas and traditions, all tending to the creation of a sentiment of personal respect for the Monarch; were it lodged in the hands of one who but yesterday was the recognised equal of tens of thousands whom to-day he is called to rule; were the whole ceremonial of Monarchy, its hereditary privileges, its gorgeous trappings, its unquestioned powers in a thousand little details of action,—were all this exchanged for the dry, business-like, hail-fellow-well-met spirit which animates the proceedings of a professed Republic, it would be an absolute impossibility to carry on the government of this nation without such an increase of *real* power in the Executive as would most materially interfere with that liberty of the subject which is still unrivalled in any nation upon the face of the earth. As it is, the electors of England govern themselves, and no party or individual, neither the Queen, nor the Ministry, nor a majority either in or out of Parliament, can exercise any absolute, controlling, tyrannical sway over the rest of those who have legal political power in the constitution.

But turn to the only two Republics in the world which are not a byword in the annals of government. Behold Switzerland, and behold the United States; and compare the domination of the ruling power in those lands with the mild, gentle, and almost timid sway with which the ruling power exerts its authority amongst ourselves. For Switzerland, it is an insult to the sacred name of liberty to associate it with that land of audacious despotism. Let the Cantons trampled under foot, the Monks of St. Bernard driven from their heroic works of benevolence, the Catholic and the Protestant alike forbidden to worship God according to his conscience,—let these testify to the utter impossibility of maintaining liberty for *all*, while the nominal sovereignty resides with all.

And as for the United States, we in England can hardly conceive the amount of positive influence in the state which is lodged in the hands of each successive President. The whole policy of a mighty kingdom is

made more or less to depend upon the will of one solitary individual, chosen for four years from among the mass of the people. While half-a-dozen Kings and Queens of England might come and go, obedient to the inevitable laws of death, in rapid succession, the conduct of the actual Executive of the kingdom, and the prevailing principles of legislation, would remain unaffected by aught that took place in the chambers of royalty. And what a frightful tyranny is incessantly practised by the popular majorities on the other side of the Atlantic over the rebellious but subdued minorities! Who dare offend the sovereign majesty of the party that counts the most numerous supporters? Who dare write or say against the sovereignty of the mob one-tenth part of what we daily write and say against anybody or everybody whom we choose to attack?

Yet what is liberty, but the right of doing and speaking what we will, provided we thereby injure no man among our fellow-countrymen? Liberty does not consist in being under a brilliant, theoretically free constitution, but which is worked by a tyrannical few, or a tyrannical majority. Liberty does not consist in the power of insulting and outraging every one who disagrees with ourselves, nor in being blest with an immaculate code of laws which we cannot get put into operation for our personal benefit; but in a power of compelling the administrators of laws to execute them when just, and of compelling law-makers, by legal means, to change them when they are unjust. If we cannot see that we have not more of *this* liberty here than exists any where else on the face of the earth, then we deserve to be placed for six months under the iron sway of a Directory, or a Committee of Public Safety, that we may learn what is the only possible liberty which human infirmity allows.

Take, for example, one single question of deep interest in England and in America. Compare the chances of the Chartists here and the Abolitionists in the Western World. The Chartists have literally *no* political power in this kingdom; yet so mighty is the strength of the popular principle, and so efficacious is that liberty of speech which even a non-electors enjoys, that there is no doubt in the world that a few years will see the main points of the Charter the law of this land. But what are the chances of the Abolitionists? They are about as likely to gain their end by peaceable means, with all the strength of virtue and religion to aid them, as Louis Philippe is likely to die upon the throne of France. A tyrant majority is against them; a tyrant majority to which the powers of the Sovereign in this land are as a fiction to a reality, as a barrier of sand to a wall of adamant. They are but one of a thousand proofs that the limited Monarchy of these realms is the safeguard of that democratic principle which is, with whatever restraints, the essential element of our constitution.

SUGAR.

It would be a matter of curious speculation to investigate the amount of knowledge on the Sugar question which is possessed by the world in general, both in and out of Parliament. Like the Navigation Laws, it is a mere labyrinth of figures, enlivened with a few visions of black slaves, in the eyes of the vast majority of men and women. Besides this, it is a Colonial question; and who—to our shame be it said—who cares for Colonial affairs, if he is lucky enough to be able to get on in our own little island at home?

If the question, indeed, depended upon the amount

of real sympathy felt by different parties for the planters or the negroes, we suspect the matter would be postponed at once to the Greek calends, and the masters and the labourers might fight it out in Jamaica and the neighbouring islands to their own complete satisfaction. In some way or other, the Slavery question has lost its interest with the public; in one or two of its features, it has turned out a gigantic humbug; the old religious partisanship, which kept it going, headed by Mr. Wilberforce, for so many years, is itself effete, and fast dying out of the land. And as for the sugar itself, which the unfortunate islands now produce as best they can, all we care about now-a-days is cheapness; and if he can save a halfpenny a pound in moist and lump, the housekeeper, who can hardly pay his weekly bills, cares not a rush if the islands and their inhabitants together are plunged to the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.

It is wonderfully difficult, therefore, for any body who has no estate in the West Indies going headlong to ruin, and who has no personal interest in attacking Lord John Russell, to get up the steam sufficiently either to frown or smile over the new Ministerial Sugar proposal. If he smiles or frowns at all, it will be at the manifestly unstatesman-like character of the proposition itself, without the slightest reference to its intrinsic merit, as taking the right or the wrong side in the general question. In a word, the whole thing is no measure at all; it is an unmitigated piece of ministerial cobbling of a rent in the garment of the State, and betrays, we must say, the incapacities of the men in office, almost more than any thing they have yet ventured to propound. As such, it is quite clear that it will please nobody; and if it passes, it will simply be as a *pis-aller*, because the rest of the House of Commons is too stupid or too indolent to devise any thing better. Indeed, this seems to be one of the strongest points urged in its favour by the Ministers themselves.

Yet really it is a matter of infinite disgrace to the country that such a question is suffered to be treated in so scandalously superficial a spirit. As Christians and as fellow-countrymen of the West Indians, it will rebound to our unutterable shame if either the Colonies are destroyed or the slave-trade and slavery practically restored. If something or other be not devised, which shall shew to the planters, and the large body with whom they are connected, that the intense selfishness, which has hitherto been the bane of all England's intercourse with her Colonial subjects, is not still the ruling principle of her legislation, what can we expect but a general increase in that feeling of exasperation which is so common against the Home Government in the minds of all our dependencies beyond the seas? Is it not madness thus to trifle with some of the best of our sons? Is not the whole course of our Colonial legislation suicidal, both in its general tendencies and its particular details? Is it not still a worthy successor of that insane policy which lost us the United States, and which is the standing complaint of men of all shades of politics, who are doomed to be legislated for by a Colonial Office, which scarcely ever knows its duty, and when it knows it, will scarcely ever perform it?

So, too, with the fearful curse of slavery. We are not, indeed, of the number of those mawkish sentimentalists who conceive that a black skin in bondage demands more tears than a white skin in a similar captivity. We do not forget that there are thousands of slaves whose condition is infinitely preferable to that of millions of nominal freemen. But at the same time there is something so horribly repugnant to every Christian feeling in the very notion of one man being born

into the world the *property* of another, that we should look upon it as an eternal infamy if, as a nation, we countenanced any scheme which might revive the accursed traffic in flesh and blood.

That the West Indian interests cannot possibly be revived without the encouragement of slave-dealing, we cannot for a moment believe. Whether they can be revived without a further loss to the Imperial Exchequer, is a very different question. But that they can be brought once more into vigorous life, without a very different mode of treatment from that which they are now suffering from the hands of an idle and incompetent legislature, is utterly impossible. To say that Parliament has honestly attempted to grapple with the question is simply absurd: the Ministry are attempting to botch up a temporary postponement of the difficulty, and their brother legislators are energetically helping them to do nothing. Meanwhile, if a European war falls upon us, what then shall we do with our offended Colonists?

DIPLOMATIC REPRISALS.

THE correspondence between Lord Palmerston and the Spanish Minister, M. Isturiz, has been published. It is far too lengthy for our pages; but an outline of the facts will shew that the cards are certainly now in Lord Palmerston's favour, whatever they were at the commencement of the game.

On the 15th of April the Duke of Sotomayor wrote to M. Isturiz, stating that "the Spanish Government had well-founded grounds of complaint against the conduct pursued by Mr. Bulwer, who, forgetting the character and friendly attitude of his mission, has not ceased to direct all his efforts and the influence of his official position against the Government to which he is accredited, in aid of a political party which harbours a turbulent and violent faction, which aims at overthrowing the existing Cabinet." For these reasons M. Isturiz was instructed to request the British Government to remove Mr. Bulwer from Madrid. On the 27th and 28th of April, M. Isturiz did so demand the removal of Mr. Bulwer—first verbally, when the answer was a refusal, and next day in writing. But twenty-four hours afterwards, "in consequence of advices from Madrid, of which Lord Palmerston was not ignorant," this note was withdrawn by M. Isturiz. Lord Palmerston affirms, that M. Isturiz asked to withdraw his note in consequence of instructions from Madrid. The Duke of Sotomayor, on the contrary, alludes to "the reasons" which induced M. Isturiz to withdraw the note, not as the result of any instruction from home, but "in consequence of the extra-official knowledge which M. Isturiz possessed of the turn things were taking, as the result of the interviews which the British Minister had with the Spanish Foreign Secretary." Whatever may be the fact, one deduction is inevitable, the withdrawal of the demand for Sir H. Bulwer's removal was equivalent to an abandonment of the whole charge against him. Thus the Duke of Sotomayor threw away his game.

On the 12th of May, however, he again writes to the Spanish Minister here, stating that "their position with respect to the present British Minister admits of no other possible solution than his immediate absence from these kingdoms;" and that "the Spanish Government cannot in any way continue to treat with him." Even this position of the Cabinet of Madrid might have been tenable; but after the insurrection at Seville they threw aside all prudence, and Sir Henry Bulwer was dismissed.

Count Mirasol was instantly despatched to London to give explanations on the subject, but he had no official character. It was intended that he should talk over the English Foreign Secretary; but Lord Palmerston refused to receive him. It was afterwards intimated by the British Government that even if Count Mirasol had been credited with credentials, Her Majesty could not have received a fresh envoy from the Queen of

Spain, after the abrupt dismissal of the British Minister from Madrid, unless, indeed, such envoy had been charged with a suitable apology on the part of his Sovereign.

Thus stands the dispute; and thus England and Spain are without diplomatic relations. Nothing appears to shew that the Duke of Sotomayor had *fresh* charges against Sir H. Bulwer, to justify him in returning to the charge, and in resorting to so extraordinary a measure as his instantaneous dismissal. In a word, the game is in Lord Palmerston's hands; and if any suffer, it will be poor Queen Isabella and her luckless kingdom. To us it is nothing. Though Spain cannot afford to part with our aid and counsel, we lose nothing but the presence of a worthy member of the *corps diplomatique* in London.

THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.

No. III.—*Their History.*

THERE is no documentary evidence whereby we can decide with certainty at what period of the history of the Church the excavation of the Roman Catacombs began. A grave has been found in one of them bearing the date A.D. 96, that is to say, inscribed with the names of the Consuls for that year. We know, therefore, that they were in use just before the end of the first century, and in all probability at a yet earlier date. For the first Roman Christian who died would not have been burnt, like a Pagan, neither would his body have been thrown into a common pit "to be meat for the fowls of the air;" he would have been *buried* somewhere: if he were a converted Jew, he might possibly have found a burial-place in the cemetery of his own people; but, if he were a converted Pagan, those amongst the Christian flock who had once been Jews would naturally suggest a mode of burial similar to their own, and thus a Catacomb would be at once begun. Hence, I think we shall scarcely err if we refer the origin of these cemeteries to the very introduction of Christianity itself into the city: but any inquiry beyond this, as to the relative antiquity of this or that Catacomb in particular, would be only fruitless labour; for although we might ascertain the precise origin and date of some of them, yet we cannot discover which is the oldest of them all. Indeed, it seems evident from the nature of the case, that many cemeteries must have commenced simultaneously; for since it was necessary that whatever was done should be done with the utmost secrecy, it is absurd to imagine that the Christians would have voluntarily exposed themselves to so needless a danger, as that of carrying the dead bodies of their companions, in whatever quarter of the city they might have died, through one particular gate into one common burial-place. Even though it be true, therefore, that St. Peter himself was concealed, and that he baptised, converts in the Catacombs of Sta. Priscilla (or, as it is sometimes called, the *Cœmeterio Astriano*), on the Via Salaria, yet it by no means follows that other cemeteries on other sides of the city are not equally ancient. In this case, indeed, the antiquity of the Catacomb is sufficiently attested by its title, for Sta. Priscilla was the mother of that St. Pudens who is mentioned by St. Paul in his Second Epistle to Timothy (iv. 26), and in whose house St. Peter is said to have lodged as long as he remained in Rome: she, like St. Lucina and other Roman matrons, gave up her house and fields for the uses of the Church, the first as a place of meeting, when it could be done there with safety; the second as a place of burial, and of secret assemblies in time of danger. More commonly, however, we must be on our guard against drawing any conclusions from the present nomenclature of the Catacombs; those of St. Agnes, for example, are much older than the saint whose name they bear; but they received her name in later times, because she was buried in them, and her life, as St. Jerome says,* was known throughout all the Churches; or, to use his own words, "was praised in the literature of every nation and language." So, too, the name of St. Callistus was given to a cemetery on the Via Appia, which had been in use before his time,

* Ep. ad Dem.

but to which he made considerable additions; and even this second title has since given way to a third, the greater celebrity of St. Sebastian having superseded that of the Pope.

But if it is difficult to say when the practice of burying in the Catacombs began, certainly it is not less so to determine when it came to an end. Some persons have imagined that they were only so used during the times of persecution, but I could never see any solid reasons by which this opinion was supported; moreover, as a matter of fact, it can be shewn that it is decidedly false; for, whereas the great majority of the Christian graves are without any date at all, yet by far the larger number of those, on whose inscriptions the dates are mentioned, are subsequent to the conversion of Constantine; they are particularly abundant in the latter half of the fourth century, and the beginning of the fifth; two or three have been found which reach to the middle of this century; and the latest, I believe, is of A.D. 464. Mabillon seems to have been undecided upon this subject; in one place* he says, that they continued to be used for the purposes of burial at least during six centuries, whilst in another place of the same letter he limits it to the first five. This latter opinion is probably the more correct; for the social and political condition of the country about the middle of the fifth century would sufficiently account for their having been abandoned about that time. It was in the spring of A.D. 452, that the savage hordes of the Huns came rushing through the gorges of the Julian Alps, devastating the whole face of the country; and the next twenty-five years were a period of calamitous confusion, which witnessed the last convulsive struggles of the Western empire. Amid such troublous scenes as these, the Romans could not move with safety beyond the gates of their own city, so that the custom was in a manner forced upon them of burying within the walls, and interments in the ancient Catacombs appear to have gradually ceased.

The subsequent history of these nurseries of the Christian Church (for such in truth they were) will form the subject of another letter. At present it is necessary to observe, that the name of *catacombs*, which I have been using indifferently of all these cemeteries alike, was originally invented, and by all ancient authors is invariably used, to denote one particular spot, which can scarcely be said to be in the cemeteries at all. The subterranean excavations, as a whole, were called most commonly that which to the heathen they appeared to be, and which the Christians would have wished them always to be considered, *arenariae*, or sand-pits; Tertullian, writing to a heathen magistrate, who was already cognisant of their existence, calls them *area sepulcrarum nostrarum*;† but Christians, writing to one another, or where no Pagan eye was ever expected to penetrate, called them cemeteries, or sleeping-places; *concilia martyrum*, or assemblies of the martyrs (as St. Ambrose calls a convent of nuns *concilium virginitatis*); and a particular chamber in them, in which a martyr had been buried, was called τὸ ἄγιον μαρτύριον of that martyr, or, as in another place, the *cœmeterium*, e. g. of Sta. Balbina. Let us examine, then, into the history and meaning of this new word Catacomb, which has so completely superseded the others.

Every body knows that St. Peter and St. Paul, who, as Tertullian says, "together with their blood poured forth all their doctrine into this happy Church of Rome," suffered death on the same day; but that they did not enjoy the privilege of witnessing one another's constancy, in consequence of the difference of their temporal conditions; the one was a Roman citizen, the other a despised Jew; and this separated them, as well in the place as in the manner of their punishment: "the one," to continue in the words of Tertullian, "was assimilated to the Passion of his Lord; the other, crowned with the martyrdom of St. John the Baptist:" the one *ad Aquas Sævias* on the Via Ostiensis, the other on the Janiculum, or the Vatican. Hence, too, they were separated also in their graves; each was deposited as near as possible to the

* Ep. de Cultu SS. Ignorum, ed. 2. Paris. 1705, p. 16.

† Ep. ad Scapulam.

scene of his own martyrdom; the body of St. Paul was laid by St. Lucina in a cemetery on her own property, a little nearer to the city; that of St. Peter was buried by some other faithful disciple in the hill of the Vatican. Not long afterwards, as soon (that is) as the Oriental Christians had heard what had happened, they sent persons who should secretly remove the bodies, and bring them back to the East, where they considered that they had a right to them, as their countrymen and fellow-citizens. These men so far prospered in their mission, as to have gained a momentary possession of the wished-for treasures; to have met from the two cemeteries which they had robbed; and even to have started on the Appian road, on their return home by way of Brundisium. When they had proceeded on this road about two miles from the city, something seems to have occurred which obliged them to stop for a while; and during this delay, the Romans, having discovered the loss they had sustained, pursued and overtook the fugitives, and recovered the bodies of their saints and patrons. This history, which formed the subject of one of the paintings in the ancient portico of the Vatican, preserved by Bosio, is attested, in part at least, by the verses which Pope Damasus wrote, and caused to be inscribed on the spot; it is told more fully, with every circumstantial detail, by Pope Gregory the Great, who relates it as his excuse for refusing the modest request of the Empress Constantina, to wit, that he would send her the head of the Apostle of the Gentiles.* The bodies were now buried, side by side, close to the spot where they had been rescued from the hands of the Orientals; with the greatest secrecy, however, and in a manner that rendered a second robbery almost impossible. Still this was but a temporary measure; and they were restored, each to its original tomb, before the close of the second century; for Caius, a Christian writer who lived in the time of St. Zephyrinus, is quoted by Eusebius,† as expressly testifying that the *trophies*, as he justly calls them, of the two glorious Apostles were to be seen in his day, the one on the Vatican, the other on the Via Ostiensis. There is an ecclesiastical tradition too, of some authority, which says that they only remained on the Appian road for a year and nine months; a statement which is still further confirmed (not to say, absolutely established) by the histories of St. Linus and of his successors, of nearly all of whom, down to St. Victor inclusively, it is recorded that they were buried "in the Vatican Cemetery, near to the body of St. Peter." The only exceptions to this statement are St. Clement, who was buried, where he was martyred, in Greece; St. Alexander, St. Anicetus, and St. Soter; the first of whom was buried in a cemetery on the Via Nomentana, and the two latter on the Via Appia. These, however, were mere exceptions, the reasons of which we do not happen to know.

But from the time of St. Zephyrinus, who came next to St. Victor, the burials of the Popes, for nearly a hundred years, were repeated one after the other in the cemetery of St. Callistus. This remarkable change, and the regularity with which it was observed, cannot have been the effect of accident: as the Bishops of Rome during the first two centuries were buried near the body of St. Peter, so also were those of the third, especially since we find that, at a later period, from the time of St. Leo the Great down to the eighth century, they were once more almost universally buried in the Vatican cemetery. It is highly probable, therefore, that the body of St. Peter had been translated somewhere about the time I have named; and there are not wanting sufficient reasons to account for it. The death of St. Zephyrinus fell in the reign of that monster of folly and wickedness, Heliogabalus, whose biographer‡ tells us that it was one of this Emperor's caprices to have four carriages, each drawn by four elephants, driven round a circus on the Vatican, and that he ordered all the sepulchres which might stand in the way of his design to be cleared away and destroyed. It is true that the Christian cemetery did not appear above the surface of the ground; but who

could say that it would not be broken in upon by this extensive levelling of the soil? It would be but an act of common prudence, therefore, on the part of St. Callistus to protect the relics of the Apostle from all risk of profanation; and where could they more fitly be removed than to their former temporary abode, the cemetery on the Appian way? Here they remained for forty years, until, in the year A.D. 258, they were once more restored to the Vatican. Tradition has not preserved to us the reason of this fourth and last removal; nevertheless a very probable account of the matter is supplied by the undoubted records of the ecclesiastical history of the period. For St. Stephen had but recently been martyred, as he sat in his episcopal chair in this very cemetery; and if St. Sixtus had not yet been crowned with the same fate in the same place, there was at least a very imminent peril of it; and at any rate, the heathen soldiery having once penetrated into these recesses, there was no security against a repetition of the intrusion, so that it was no longer safe to keep there one of the most precious relics which the Church of Rome at that time possessed.

It would take us too long to examine the authorities upon which the several links of this history depend, especially since it is compiled from a multitude of scattered notices, brought together from the most various sources, each notice in itself somewhat obscure perhaps, or even apparently false, but all capable of being reduced to order and harmony with one another, and together forming this consistent and intelligible whole. A hundred years later, when the Church was in the enjoyment of peace and prosperity, she began to raise buildings wherever any thing had happened specially worthy of commemoration during the period of her persecution. Amongst the rest, we may be sure that she did not overlook a spot where for several months the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul had once been hid together, and afterwards that of St. Peter alone for a much longer time. The sacred spot itself had always remained isolated and untouched (probably as a measure of precaution against any second attempt at robbery), in spite of an extensive Catacomb which was excavated in the immediate neighbourhood; and now, in the middle of the fourth century, it was enclosed within a little chapel or oratory. This chapel would seem to have been begun during the pontificate of St. Liberius, and it was finished by Damasus, of whom we read that he provided a marble pavement for the floor, and that, according to his usual practice, he set up an inscription of six or seven verses, which are still extant. One half of this building is below the level of the ground, but the other half above it, and its architecture is exceedingly irregular and bad: circumstances which of themselves suffice to refute the opinion of some who would assign to it a more ancient date. In the middle of the area is a square and narrow aperture, which at the depth of two feet opens into the place where the bodies had been laid; a place nearly eight feet square, and so low that a man of average stature cannot stand upright in it; and round all the walls of the building runs a low stone step or seat, destined (P. Marchi supposes) for the reciting of psalms, &c. in choir. Here, then, we have both the origin and the meaning of the word *catacomb*: it is a hybrid word, like others of the same age which we shall meet with in the course of these subterranean researches, half Greek, half Latin: with the latter half we are familiar in its ordinary compounds, *recumbo*, *succumbo*, and many others; but here it is joined with the Greek *κατά*, a preposition that signifies *descent*. If *cumbo*, therefore, taken alone, denoted the act of lying down or prostrating oneself, and *cumbæ* (if there ever was such a word) denoted, as Mabillon says,* low and depressed valleys, like our own word *combe*, in use in some parts of England, the compound *catacumbæ* would but convey the same idea in a more intense form; it would denote a place lower than some other place, already somewhat low; that is, it would exactly describe the very place where, as we have seen, the bodies of the Apostles had been hid—a pit within and below a semi-subterranean chapel. Accordingly we do not find that the word was ever used

* S. Greg. M. Ep. lib. iv. 30.

† E. H. ii. 24.

‡ Aelius Lampadius, Vit. Cas. p. 201. Basilæ, 1546.

* Iter Italicum, tom. i. p. 60, ed. 1687.

before this chapel had been made, nor that it was ever applied by ancient writers to any but this particular place. Mabillon* quotes Petrus Manlius, a writer of the twelfth century, who, enumerating all the cemeteries of Rome, names the cemetery of St. Callistus among them, as close to the Church of St. Sebastian, and *juxta catacumbas*, but he does not reckon the Catacombs themselves as being of the number of the cemeteries at all: that use of the word, however, which has been adopted in these letters, as denoting all the subterranean cemeteries alike, is now sanctioned by universal practice, and there are some who have not scrupled to extend it still further to all the subterranean excavations in the neighbourhood. N.

DANIEL DE COSNAC;

OR,

A COURT BISHOP OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIV.

Now that revolutionised France is about to remodel the relations between Church and State in her constitution, and that all Europe is preparing for a complete separation between the spiritual and temporal powers, the following illustration of the working of the old system will be found not a little curious and interesting. Of course, we do not assert that many an illustration may not be found bearing on the other side of the question. We only give the history of Daniel de Cosnac as one out of a numerous class of records, and worth a hundred fictitious tales, or mere theoretic arguments. In the present instance, we neither reason from induction, nor offer mere conjectures; for in so doing, we might be accused of attributing intentions to men who can no longer explain to us the motives of their conduct. Our conclusions are founded on the *Autobiography*† of one of those Bishops who, in the seventeenth century, were mixed up with the weightiest affairs of the Church of France.

Daniel de Cosnac, after having occupied the sees of Valence and Die from the year 1654, was appointed Archbishop of Aix in 1687, and died in that town in 1708. He was about twelve or fifteen years older than Louis XIV., and preceded him to the tomb only by about seven years.

Daniel de Cosnac is not unknown to the amateurs of French history. He is mentioned frequently in the memoirs of St. Simon, and those of the Abbé de Choisy contain an entire book, the whole substance of which is retailed from the Archbishop of Aix. It is true that we do not gather from it the idea of a very serious character, and one can scarcely wonder that Voltaire should have written in one of his letters: "It is a great pity that they do not print the memoirs of that mad Bishop Cosnac." This reputation of *madness* springs, however, only from one of those ridiculous anecdotes, which unfortunately take more lasting hold of the memory than the gravest circumstances. It is true that the adventure upon which the celebrity of Daniel de Cosnac has hitherto rested with the readers of French memoirs, is to be met with at full length, and detailed with evident self-complacency, in his autobiography; but the reflections suggested by the rest of the narrative are of too serious a nature not to modify considerably the impression retained of the person who figures in it. A copy of the manuscript of the memoirs in question, which, as we have said, is in the Archbishop's own hand, was communicated not long since to the Society of French History, by Dr. Long, a respectable and learned inhabitant of the town of Die, the present possessor of the original.

If Daniel de Cosnac had left a memory stained with scandalous vices, the moral to be drawn from his life would be far less valuable; but there is nothing to induce a belief that any serious reproach attaches to his private life. The Abbé de Choisy opines "that his personal appearance was too plain for him to be fitted for love intrigues, in a court where that passion was very prevalent; and that he threw himself entirely into affairs,"—a testimony which, by its very malignity, suffices to vindicate satisfactorily the reputation of the prelate, and shelter him from all suspicion of any irregularity of

life contrary to his profession. To which we may add, that if he himself gave no scandal, neither does he seem to have taken a pleasure in it in others. In this respect, it is possible that his discretion may be the cause of some disappointment to the lovers of hear-say anecdotes and highly coloured pictures; neither are those "lively and curious topics with which," according to the Abbé de Choisy, "his conversation abounded," to be met with often in these memoirs; and it must be allowed, that the heaviness of the style offers a general contrast with the easy tone of most of the memoirs which have come down to us from the age of Louis XIV. The reason of this is to be found in the fact that, at the time when these memoirs appear to have been composed, Daniel de Cosnac had become a person of much consideration. Witness the tone in which St. Simon speaks of his promotion to the order of the Saint-Esprit: "The same month of April (1701) beheld an instance of promotion very rare for its respectability. The King wished to fill the two vacant places. . . Without the knowledge of either of the two prelates chosen, or indeed of any one, he named M. de Cosnac the Archbishop of Aix." About the same time, the prelate, loaded with so many favours, was giving this curious testimony to himself:

"It has always been my endeavour, as well as my wish, during the time I have spent in my diocese, to fulfil my obligations there; of which, however, I acknowledge myself to have infinitely fallen short. But I believe I may venture to say, that if I have not done all the good I was bound to do, I have at least given no scandal, nor reason to any one to complain of me. I have prosecuted no law-suit, nor made any enemy that I know of. Indispensable obligations have laid upon me the necessity of applying a remedy to certain disorders, which I had been requested to put an end to; and this, it is true, has raised against me a numerous and powerful party. But it will be easy for me to prove, in my justification, that it has been through no motive of either vanity or interest that I have thus acted, but that I have been constrained to it solely by my duty."

In fact, notwithstanding his frequent appearance at Court, we find no year in which he did not pass some months in his diocese: he was punctual in making his round of it, and the diligence which he bestowed upon the secular affairs of his see, deluded him into this notion of the fulfilment of his duty. "No one," we quote St. Simon again, "had a more ready mind, or one fuller of activity and despatch, expedients and resources. His vivacity was quite surprising, and withal he was very sensible and entertaining in all that he said, without the least affectation; in short, he was a very agreeable companion. Never was man so fitted for intrigue, or quicker and more accurate in observation; he had, moreover, but few scruples, and was extremely ambitious, but was at the same time of a high, bold, and free bearing, which caused him to be feared and considered by ministers."

In fact, *intrigue* had had a large share in Daniel de Cosnac's life, and his own admissions do not tend to contradict the judgment we have just quoted. Old and laden with honours, he appears to have taken pleasure in recalling to mind the strange vicissitudes and the "horrible disasters" which his fortune had experienced. If he did not dwell much upon the services he rendered his first patron, the Prince de Conti, during the troubles of the Fronde, he was positively inexhaustible upon the subject of his connexion with Monsieur, the brother of Louis XIV., to whom he had subsequently become chief almoner—upon the salutary counsels he had given him—upon his efforts to throw obstacles in the way of the Chevalier de Lorraine's favour with him—but above all, upon the proofs of devoted attachment which he gave to Henrietta of England, of whom the great King ever fondly preserved the memory. "This former confidential intercourse with Madame, in many affairs in which the King was a party concerned, procured for him with the latter a freedom and familiarity which he knew well how to keep up and avail himself of through the whole of his life."

The memoirs which we are now considering furnish a remarkable attestation to the truth of these remarks of St. Simon.

These were poor recommendations for a Bishop; but could any thing better be expected? Rather, was there

* In loc. cit.

† The following narrative is taken from the *Correspondant* of March 1847.

not room to fear even something worse from a man who had made his way to the Episcopate by means so little in accordance with the interests of religion? "About that time the Bishopric of Valence fell vacant. The Abbé de Cosnac had preached occasionally with success before the Queen; he suited both her and the Cardinal; accordingly he begged the Prince de Conti to ask for the bishopric." Finding the prince, however, but little inclined to take the field for him, "he left him, and passed into the apartment of the Princesse de Conti, who was still sleeping. 'Let her be awakened,' said the Abbé, 'her honour is concerned, and I must speak to her.' He made so much noise, that her women opened the door. The amiable princess awoke. 'Get up,' said the Abbé, 'it is a question of saving the honour of the Prince de Conti, as well as your own, and that of his whole house. The Bishopric of Valence is vacant; I have just been begging his Highness to solicit it for me. . . . But pray get up, madam; moments are precious; your uncle (the Cardinal Mazarin) will not refuse you when he knows that you can wake up, rise from your bed, and go off at once in your dressing-gown without hesitation to serve one of your creatures with a noble generosity.' . . . 'But, sir,' replied the princess, 'pray allow me to speak first to my husband.' 'I cannot hear of it,' said the Abbé; "you must get up at once and go to the Cardinal." He was so pressing, not allowing her even leisure to speak to the prince, that the princess put on only her dressing-gown, and went to ask the Cardinal for the Bishopric of Valence."

And Cosnac was in fact made Bishop of Valence.

This was not, it is true, quite in accordance with the promises which Anne of Austria had made to M. Olier, who, wishing to profit by the grief of mind which the Queen was labouring under, when forced to consent to the exile of the Cardinal Mazarin, addressed a severe remonstrance to her in the form of a letter, in which he represented the disgrace of her minister as a consequence of the culpable levity with which he had always disposed of bishoprics and benefices. "Bear this adversity," these are his words, "first to fulfil your own duty, and next, in order to offer a reparation, as far as you are able, for so many nominations which have not been weighed in the balance of the sanctuary. And yet it is upon them that depends the honour of God in his Church, the salvation of so many souls, and the eternal happiness or misery of your own in particular. Trust, therefore, no longer to any one who may thus endanger your salvation. Do not transfer the all-important care of conferring benefices to any one else; examine the subject yourself, availing yourself at the same time of the enlightened opinions of the servants of God; get them to furnish you with information concerning the worthiest ecclesiastics in your kingdom; mark these out for benefices; and thus having provided beforehand for the death of bishops, you will also be provided beforehand against the importunities of courtiers. You should never yield to them, since you have no right to risk your own salvation, as well as that of others, and above all, the glory of God. Be inflexible on that point, and do not give way for any human consideration whatsoever, since such are as nothing in the sight of God. Moreover, He is well able, as a recompense for the fidelity with which you serve Him, to repair any evil consequences which may accrue to you from a just refusal. If you are faithful in upholding his kingdom, which is the Church, and in not suffering it to fall from aught of its splendour, He will be vigilant to maintain you in yours."

We should wish to believe with M. Olier's historian, that this letter opened the Queen's eyes, and that henceforth she never named to a new see without conferring first with St. Vincent of Paul. It is very plain that that illustrious servant of God had nothing to say to the choice of the Bishop of Valence.

We must also own that we cannot help seeing a certain degree of probability in the account which the Abbé de Choisy gives of the circumstances which immediately followed this nomination. "No sooner had the new prelate returned his thanks, than he hastened to seek the Archbishop of Paris. 'The King,' he said, 'my lord, has made me a Bishop; but I must first be

made a priest.' 'Whenever you please,' replied M. de Paris. 'That is not all,' rejoined M. de Valence; 'I have to request you to make me a deacon.' 'With all my heart,' said M. de Paris. 'You will not be quit for these two favours, my lord,' interrupted M. de Valence; 'for, besides the priesthood and the diaconate, I must also ask for the sub-diaconate.' 'For God's sake,' rejoined M. de Paris, abruptly, 'make haste to assure me that you have received the tonsure, for fear I should find that your want of sacraments extends to that of Baptism.'"

Daniel de Cosnac was quite capable of having related this anecdote himself; but no trace of it is to be found in his memoirs: doubtless it did not appear to him suitable to the proprieties of his profession. For we must not forget that, according to the ideas of that time, he was a grave and respectable personage. What he relates of himself is evidently no matter of scruple to him, and it is this confidence on his part which gives such value to his admissions. For example, he saw in the ecclesiastical state a certain number of duties to fulfil, such as residence, pastoral visits, the care of the sacred edifices, the holding courts, attention to the legal affairs and interests of his dioceses, the upholding due precedence in all things; and on these various points he took care to be clear from all reproach; but all this in no way interfered with his really considering the dignities of the Church as nothing but a means of securing his fortune and advancing his family, and benefices but as so many resources for supporting his rank.

An accomplished master in manoeuvres and solicitations, in Cardinal Mazarin he had a skilful tactician to deal with. The latter had played him a terrible trick, and had contrived by stratagem to cheat him out of a benefice, which he had no desire to part with. However, the minister, when once he had accomplished his object, was most ready to acknowledge himself to blame, and Cosnac insisted upon some reparation being made to him. But death, on the other hand, was pursuing the all-powerful Mazarin, and Cosnac beheld himself threatened with his departure before the acquittal of his promise. At this decisive moment, a fit of sensibility sufficed to disconcert all his plans; and we find him years after reproaching himself with this unseasonable emotion:

"The last scene was at Vincennes, the day that he received extreme unction. He was out of his bed, seated upon a chair, prepared to receive extreme unction, when I entered the room. He turned his eyes towards me when I arrived, and, when the ceremony was over, called me to him. In the presence of the King, of Monsieur, of the Cardinal, as well as the Duke of Coaslin, and of several other persons of quality, he told me that he begged my forgiveness for not having acted fairly towards me, and insisted upon embracing me. I was so much moved by this mark of his affection, that I burst into tears and left the room. The Cardinal of Coaslin must perfectly remember it, as well as several others. The Cardinal died the 9th of March, 1661. In this manner it was that I lost all my hopes and the restitution of my benefices."

It is exceedingly curious to compare the oral version of Choisy with Cosnac's written text. It is evident that the former has retailed his hero's conversations as correctly as he was able; if he has committed any errors, it has been the fault of his memory. When the same single fact is related by both, Cosnac's own testimony should be preferred; but where the Bishop thinks proper to be silent, then Choisy's language acquires a remarkable degree of importance and credibility.

For instance, there is an anecdote which gave to Cosnac at the time no less celebrity than the one to which we have already alluded: we mean the zeal with which he succeeded in suppressing a libel printed in Holland, entitled the *Amours of the Palais Royal*, in which Henrietta of England's character was cruelly assailed. To set off for Holland without the knowledge of any one—to make compensation to the bookseller—to buy up the whole edition—and, after ten days' absence, to present himself again before Madame, who was reproaching her confidant with neglecting her in the midst of her troubles,—all this was an act of devotedness and skill, which he must have related with

complacency, and which it must have cost him some regret to suppress in the account of his achievements; at least he seeks to console himself for this reserve by a transparent allusion: "I had had the good fortune to render Madame some important services, and I was even so successful that she imputed to my talent what was often but the mere effect of chance." It would be impossible to display more modesty.

[To be continued.]

Reviews.

Sketches of the last Naval War. By Capt. E. J. de la Gravière. Translated by the Hon. Capt. Plunkett, R.N. Longmans.

IF it is good for a man to hear what his opponents say of him, the dose of advice which will thus be administered will be especially useful when it comes from an intelligent and generous foe. That the Britannia, who is supposed to rule the waves by an hereditary and indefeasible right, would be any the worse for such salutary counsel, few will be found to deny theoretically, however much they may wince under the actual process of the infliction. We have been, indeed, too long accustomed to believe, that the winds and waves must infallibly combine with the unrivalled skill and courage of the British sailor to preserve to us an almost undisputed reign upon the waters. While the English farmer claims a prescriptive right to grumble with the weather, whatever it be, and seems to think that the skies have a peculiar spite against British agriculturists, sailors—or rather those who send them out to fight the nation's battles—are too much given to imagine that the record of our past naval triumphs is never to be sullied with the tidings of defeat, and that French and all foreign navies exist only to be blown into the air by future Nelsons and St. Vincents.

It is natural that Frenchmen should be of a somewhat different opinion. It is natural that they, who have as rarely known defeat on land as they have tasted of victory on the seas, should demur to this assumed invulnerability of the modern Achilles, and opine that at least the *heel* of the genius of the British navy can be pierced with a deadly wound. Conscious as the French nation are of their own indomitable courage; chivalrous as they perceive to have been the conduct of many of their naval officers; skilful as they are, and long have been, in the arts of naval architecture; they cannot but scan the stories of their defeats during the late war with a keen and anxious eye, in order to discover why it was that they were so frightfully beaten, and that a sort of fatality seemed to attend upon their fleets when they entered into conflict with those of their island rival.

The *Sketches of the last Naval War* is a very fair example of these investigations on the part of the naval officers of France of the present day. Its author, M. de la Gravière, is himself a Captain in the French navy, and is the son of a distinguished French naval officer, and he brings to the task he has undertaken not only a most intelligent and well-informed mind, but an amount of impartiality almost equally rare on both sides of the Channel. His essay was originally written in the very able periodical, the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and Capt. Plunkett, the translator, has thought it so interesting and valuable a contribution to naval history, and at the same time so full of statements and reasonings of the highest importance, that he has conceived that he could not do better than present it to the public in an English dress, in the shape of two octavo volumes. The translator, as may be supposed, occasionally has a word or two of difference with his original; but on the whole he is disposed to agree with the general cast of Captain de la Gravière's arguments, and with his narrative of the facts which come under his notice. The whole work is very striking; and, as Captain Plunkett himself remarks in his preface, to the unprofessional reader appears little short of convincing. A few extracts from the passages in which M. de la Gravière expounds his ideas of the reasons why France failed in her contest with this country, and of the peculiar difficulties which beset the vigorous and intelligent reformer of the French

navy, will interest very many of our readers. Such is the following, which the author introduces after his account of the reforms and discipline introduced by Lord St. Vincent, when yet Admiral Jervis, into our fleet:

"We must not, however, exaggerate the difficulties that Jervis encountered in the accomplishment of this work. In speaking of discipline, it is necessary to take into account what may be called the social discipline of a country. In England, where the stability of the political and the strength of the military institutions are based upon the same foundations, and mutually support one another, the example of paternal authority has eased the task of the head of the state, as of the chiefs of its forces. It is that lesson which, shaping from their earliest infancy the rudest minds, instils principles of respectful deference for age and experience, which in after life will be honoured in the magistrate or the general, as they have been in the father of a family. The English, therefore, are pre-disposed for public service by natural instincts, so to say, which accounts, to a certain degree, for that regularity and order to which Admiral Jervis succeeded in bringing them. In France, on the contrary, it cannot be denied that everything tends to divest age of the respect with which it was formerly surrounded. The laws even have imprudently contributed to break down *that sacred pillar*; and a certain laxity has prevailed, since the revolution, in the interior of families. The father's commands are uttered in a less decided tone, and he no longer stands in the position he formerly held. If to this decline in the beneficial influence of early education be added the inevitable consequences of a more ardent temperament and quicker intelligence, it will no longer be matter of surprise to find, amongst French officers, a spirit of independence and criticism far more openly expressed than is usual amongst the English. This is an unfortunate tendency, against which opposition would be vain. It has entered at all periods more or less into the national character, and the present age of free discussion will not be likely to see it disappear. It is an enemy with whom terms must be kept, and which, though disarmed sometimes by honourable feeling or by indifference, seldom is so by indulgence or severity. Whether Admiral Jervis would have succeeded in making his will the law with French officers, as he did succeed three several times with those of the English Mediterranean and Channel fleets, may be reasonably doubted. The English navy has known commanders-in-chief less strict and more popular than Admiral Jervis; and so long as the genius and education of the French nation shall remain what they are, such Admirals will be safer models for us than the inflexible hero who required his Captains to stand guard on shore, when the ships were taking in water and provisions, and who never forgave 'a first fault.'"

Against what fearful obstacles the gallant French Admirals had to contend, on the very decks of their own ships, another paragraph will shew. The passage is taken from a paper preserved in the Archives of the Charts and Plans of the French Navy. The revolutionists of Paris forgot that it is a thousand times more easy to extemporise a soldier than a sailor.

"These clubs were applied to (wrote an intrepid citizen of that day), to point out men who united nautical science with patriotism. The popular clubs believed that it was sufficient for a man to have been some time at sea to constitute him a seaman, provided he was a patriot, and did not reflect that patriotism alone will not navigate a ship. They, therefore, made officers of men who had no more claim than the fact of having been long at sea, without considering that such men were little better than useless. Besides, the whole system of these men was thrown out at the first unforeseen emergency: nor was it always, it must be owned, the best qualified or the most patriotic who obtained the suffrages of these clubs; but often the most false and intriguing—such as, by impudence and volubility, had contrived to obtain a majority. A worse error even was fallen into; for, upon a show of activity, such as is common to the effervescence of youth, they gave naval rank to young men without knowledge, without talent, without experience, and *without an examination*. It struck them, no doubt, that the masters of the old navy were capable of aspiring to all ranks. They were, therefore, all promoted. What, then, was the result? The merit of the great majority of this class is confined to shaping a course, and laying it off upon the chart in a rough manner. Many of them have never had an opportunity of practising the most important duty of the naval officer—*manœuvring*—which baffles the designs of the enemy, and gives an advantage where the force is equal. What have the gunners, the sail-makers, the caulkers, the carpenters, and we may say the boatswains, of whom the greater number cannot read and write, in common with the art of the real sea officer? Many of these, nevertheless, have obtained the rank of officer, and even of captain."

Let it not be thought, however, that the Admirals and Generals of Great Britain have had no similar difficulties to struggle with. Let the experience of almost every commander, whether by sea or by land, testify that one half of the troubles and trials which beset the military and naval chief are *ever* to be found in their own camps and fleets, and with the Governments who send them out. That such troubles should be avoided altogether, is beyond the range of human possibility; but at the same time it is impossible to read the despatches of such men as Nelson and Wellington, or the lives of such as St. Vincent and Collingwood, and not sympathise with the bitter draughts of disappointments and thwartings which are unnecessarily the lot of all who undertake the terrible tasks of command. Captain de la Gravière thus tells on what principle Nelson struggled against and overcame the hindrances which would thus have damped the ardour of every common man.

"It was the lot of Nelson to experience through life mortifying trials; and though nobody felt the sting more keenly, we must do him the justice to say that he never proportioned his self-devotion to the gratitude of the ministry or the country. There was one word, the last which Nelson pronounced on his death-bed, which, like a magic talisman, frequently revived his wearied spirits during this long war—that word was *DUTY*. Duty was to the English that which honour and love of country was for us. It was the same sentiment under different names; but with our neighbours it had its origin in that ancient faith which republican France had repudiated. Never was the characteristic difference of the two nations so strongly marked as at this epoch. Thus, while our intrepid sailors laughingly consoled themselves for their defeat, and promised themselves a more fortunate day; while Troubridge wrote to Nelson that he had twenty French officers prisoners on board, not one of whom appeared to acknowledge the existence of the Supreme Being; the English, kneeling down upon the recent scene of battle, returned thanks to Heaven for their victory. The flames were still consuming the Timoléon and the Sérieuse, and the Tonant had not even been taken possession of, when they performed this pious duty, which Nelson had prescribed at the same time that he had thanked his companions in arms for their gallant exertions. The orders of the day, which he addressed to his squadron on this occasion, have not the eloquence and fire of Bonaparte's bulletins; but they are the truest and most elevated expression of the sentiments which then animated our enemies."

Generous and sincere as is Captain de la Gravière's admiration for the victorious English Admiral, he naturally describes the two miserable blots in his character with no hesitating censure. The censure, though not hesitating, is indeed but too richly deserved; and it is only that infatuation for military and naval glory which blinds the eyes of so vast a proportion of mankind, which prevents the English historian from speaking of Nelson's conduct in the affair of Caraccioli, and in all that concerns the infamous Lady Hamilton, in terms of equally severe reprobation. Capt. de la Gravière thus commences the second of the volumes before us:

"At the moment when Nelson quitted Egypt he had some years more to live and two victories to gain; but fortune would have been more propitious to his glory had it ended his life on that memorable night which saw Dupetit Thouars and Brueys perish. Nelson would then have died with all the lustre of a stainless fame, as young Marceau fell, as Desaix was to fall, crowned with that halo which only encircles the brows of unspotted honour. 'My great and excellent son,' wrote his father, 'began the world without fortune, but with a good and religious heart. . . . The Lord has shielded him in the day of battle, and has heard the prayers he offered that he might be one day useful to his country. . . . He is now the glory of my grey hairs, and at forty years of age, as simple, as generous, as good as ever. He is without fear, because he is without cause for remorse.' Those who in this portrait recognise the open and animated countenance of the intrepid Admiral whose flag was flying in the Vanguard, will not discover in it a faithful resemblance to Lady Hamilton's adulterous lover, and the murderer of Caraccioli."

A more grateful subject is contained in our author's parallel between the fortunes of Nelson and those of his friend Collingwood.

"On what trifling events do the destinies of great men turn! Collingwood had entered the navy before Nelson, his junior by eight years, but did not receive his lieutenant's and captain's commissions until after his brilliant rival. No more was ne-

cessary to decide the fortunes of these two men. Collingwood, outstripped in reaching the rank of captain, could never, thenceforward, be any thing but subordinate to Nelson. Naturally simple and modest, he long remained in the background to which the renown of the conqueror of Aboukir consigned all his cotemporaries. When he emerged from that comparative obscurity, the time of great battles had passed. Thus after having fought in the battles of the 1st of June and Cape St. Vincent, after having shared with Nelson the honour of the latter triumph, Collingwood, scarcely sixty, but exhausted with fifty years' service, of which forty-four had been passed at sea, died in 1810, without bearing to the tomb one victory which might be called his own, or any laurels exclusively his own right. Calmer and more resigned than Nelson, and endowed with higher moral feelings, he did not possess in the same degree as the hero of the Nile that feverish ardour which creates opportunities, controls circumstances, and would 'pluck,' if necessary, 'drowning honour by the hair.' Collingwood and Nelson, however, are two names which can never be separated in history: they mutually complete each other. One is the highest representative of a superior navy, the other the exceptional genius who draws after him, in untrodden paths, that navy which he has subjugated by his genius. Collingwood, a stranger to every feeling of envy, and solely occupied with the dangerous crisis which threatened his country, descended without regret to the second rank. He promised Nelson his well-tryed support, and rejoiced at the additional honour which the numerical superiority of the enemy held out to the English fleet. 'The miserable advantage of numbers,' said he, 'only engenders apathy; but which of us will not feel his courage increased, when the safety of England seems to depend upon our efforts?'"

The reader will be disappointed if he is not furnished with the "moral" of the whole history. The gallant Captain's reflections when he draws his narrative to a conclusion will necessarily be one of the most interesting pages in his work. His estimate of the genius of Nelson, after Trafalgar saw his triumph consummated and his life concluded, is one of the most favourable examples of our author's style; and though it be somewhat lengthy, and we have already quoted rather largely, we shall give it nearly in full, and thus end our notice of the work.

"Such were the consequences of this campaign, opened under the happiest auspices. When our ships raised the blockades of Cadiz and Ferrol; when England trembled for her West Indian colonies, and even for her own shores, who would have ventured to say that these first successes were preparing the way for so great a disaster, or that the campaign of England would end as that of Egypt began? Those two events, however, Trafalgar and Aboukir, explain each other; they are closely related, and complete the same drama; they are episodes in the life of one man, and two periods necessarily following in the history of the same navy. Since a first attack had taught us nothing, the same rashness might succeed again; the enemy had nothing to change in his tactics of attack since we had made no change in our method of defence. The genius of Nelson consisted in his perception of our weakness; the secret of his triumphs lay in attacking us. He was the first to destroy the *prestige* which still defended our ships, and the facility of his success emboldened him. We must not forget that before the battle of the Nile the superiority of the English ships over our own had only been attested by trifling advantages; but that fatal day had the same consequences on the naval war that the campaigns of Italy had on the continental. From that epoch only do the rapid conquests and daring achievements of the English take the place of that nearly balanced fortune which had long attended the two navies. The enterprise of Nelson, like the military genius of Bonaparte, found emulous imitators; their triumphs raised on all sides young officers who burned to follow their example, and longed to shew all Europe what could be done by those irresistible levers, — French soldiers and British ships."

"The revolution in tactics which had been accomplished on the banks of the Po and Adige was thus about the same time inaugurated at the mouths of the Nile. On each side that revolution had been equally prepared. Bonaparte found the veteran soldiers of Schérer ready; Nelson led the chosen ships of Jervis's fleet into action: but here the resemblance ends. Nelson had nothing of that profoundness in his views, or mathematical precision, which distinguished the Emperor's school. An admiral who should adopt the very reverse of the illustrious chief's tactics, and should place his opponent in the same position that Nelson often placed himself, would have admirably prepared the defeat of his enemy. Between ships equally efficient, to follow those eccentric tactics which were displayed in Nelson's practice, still more than his precepts, would, we fearlessly assert, be to rush on inevitable ruin."

"In the relative circumstances of the two navies in 1798 and 1805, however, those rash attacks were calculated to make victory more decisive than it ever had been in maritime warfare. Nelson's faults, if we may give that name to those impulses which succeed, always turned to his advantage. The ships he allowed to be surrounded, or which he exposed unsupported to the enemy, endured without suffering too much injury all the weight of artillery, ill served and ill directed. The ships he seemed to forget in his rear, and which the least change of wind might have prevented from coming into action at all, furnished him with that which alone makes a victory complete and productive,—an imposing and unexpected reserve. Thus we may observe two very distinct phases in the great battles where Nelson commanded—the first, fluctuating and doubtful; the second, crushing and decisive; good gunners would assuredly have modified the *dénouement* of these ill-fated dramas, because they would have destroyed the English fleet in the first act. Formed to grasp fortune by his daring rather than win her by his manœuvres, Nelson carried our squadrons, we may say, 'with the bayonet.' He was the Suwarrow, and not, as has been asserted, the Bonaparte, of the seas. The battles of Aboukir and Trafalgar have overturned the olden ideas of naval tactics. Have they substituted rules of an infallible strategy which it is the interest of our admirals to study? There are, doubtless, circumstances wherein they might profit by those daring examples. But those tactics, we think it has been sufficiently proved, can only be used by the strong against the weak, by veteran against unpractised navies—and it is not against such that we have to prepare—it is against an enemy who remembers the lessons of Nelson, and will be ready to practise them again if we can only oppose him with a new order of battle, instead of with better squadrons. The last war presents subjects more worthy of our study than tactics. The English did not owe their triumphs to the number of their ships, to the greatness of their maritime population, to administrative wisdom, nor the wise combinations of the Admiralty. The English beat us because their crews were better trained, and their squadrons better disciplined than ours. That superiority was the fruit of some years' cruising, and was the work of Jervis and of Nelson. It is the secret mechanism of that silent and gradual work which we must investigate, for we must study Nelson organising his fleet ere we can understand him fighting with such successful rashness: we must examine the means before we can comprehend the end."

Diary and Notes of Horace Templeton, Esq., late Secretary of Legation at ——. London, Chapman and Hall.

WITH a good deal that is amusing, there is also a good deal that is tiresome, and a good deal that is offensive, in the *Diary and Notes of Horace Templeton, Esq.* Mr. Templeton is supposed to be a gentleman in a late stage of consumption, who goes abroad to die, and on his way to Naples records his impressions of what he sees, at certain irregular intervals, especially when he encountered any old friends or startling incidents, and who, when he had nothing better to do, composed a tale or an historiette, or put upon paper some of the reminiscences of his past diplomatic life. He is imagined to be a man of large fortune and good family, and of *bon ton* of a very unexceptionable species; a bachelor, a man of sentiment, and a man of the world; somewhat Tory in his politics, a lover of the old school of diplomacy, and a thorough "Popery-hater."

Having said thus much, we have not much more to say, except on the general execution of the idea. We suspect the author's knowledge of diplomatic circles is little better than second-hand; indeed, we question whether he was himself ever even an *attaché* to a third-rate embassy. But he has been abroad, has seen English society there in one of its aspects, and picked up a few of the stories rife among a certain class. Of foreign society, foreign manners, and foreign principles, he knows nothing, except what he has guessed at from a limited intercourse with the worst sort of gay foreigners,—those who are the readiest to make friends with people of any pretensions from England. His anecdote and gossip is often entertaining, but we are not prepossessed in favour of its authenticity; his tales are occasionally of the dullest; and his notions of religion, and the character in which he shews his hero, even up to the last moment of his life, are unendurable. We have rarely met with a book in which a personage is supposed to be so constantly looking death in the face, and, in one sense of the word, preparing for it,

in which the very existence of a future life was so studiously ignored, and death viewed so steadily as an utter annihilation both of body and soul. The impression produced by this feature in the *Diary* is painful and repulsive in the highest degree. After reading the entry supposed to be made within a few minutes of the death of the writer, we really perused with relief and delight Mr. Catlin's account of the last moments of one of the savage, heathen Indians, who died in England a short time ago. There is more sense, more truth, more Christianity, in the poor Red Man's dreams of his future paradise, than in this childish pretence at philosophy, this intense, dark, stupid, blindness of spirit, which men, like the author of the book before us, intrude upon the public as worthy our admiration and sympathy.

We shall, of course, leave the dull and the bad parts of these volumes to slumber undisturbed in their heaviness, and cull a few of the more lively or clever fragments for the entertainment of those who like a gossiping story, even without any very strict voucher for its accuracy. Our author and artist readers will be amused with the following, and may occupy themselves, if they list, in forming conclusions as to the individual whom the writer calls the great miniature-painter of the day. For the sake of the said painter, whoever may be meant, we may state, that our author's opinion of any artist's pre-eminence above his fellows by no means proves that the world in general is of a similar opinion. Probably the story here told, if true at all, belongs to somebody very different from the person to whom it would be applied, if we were to follow our informant's notions of pictorial excellence.

"The best gauge I have ever found of an author's agreeability, is in the amount of dialogue he throws into his books. Wherever narrative, pure narrative, predominates, and the reflective tone prevails, the author will be, perhaps necessarily, more disposed to silence. But he who writes dialogue well, must be himself a talker. Take Scott, for instance; the very character of his dialogue-scenes was the type of his own social powers: a strong and nervous common sense; a high chivalry, that brooked nothing low or mean; a profound veneration for antiquity; an innate sense of the humorous, ran through his manner in the world, as they display themselves in his works. See Sheridan, too, he talked the *School for Scandal* all his life; whereas Goldsmith was a dull man in company. Taking this criterion, Alfred de Vigny will be quiet, reserved, and thoughtful; pointed, perhaps, but not brilliant. *Apropos* of this talking talent, what has become of it? French *causerie*, of which one hears so much, was no more to be compared to the racy flow of English table-talk, some forty years back, than a group of artificial flowers is fit to compete with a bouquet of richly scented dew-spangled buds, freshly plucked from the garden. Lord Brougham is our best man now, the readiest—a great quality—and, strange as it may sound to those who know him not, the best-natured, with anecdote enough to point a moral, but no story-teller; using his wit as a skilful cook does lemon-juice—to flavour but not to sour the *plat*.

"Painters and anglers, I have remarked, are always silent, thoughtful men. Of course I would not include under this judgment such as portrait and miniature painters, who are about, as a class, the most tiresome and loquacious twaddlers that our unhappy globe suffers under. Wilkie must have been a real blessing to any man sentenced to sit for his picture: he never asked questions, seldom indeed did he answer them; he had nothing of that vulgar trick of calling up an expression in his sitter; provided the man stayed awake, he was able always to catch the traits of feature, and, when he needed it, evoke the prevailing character of the individual's expression by a chance word or two. Lawrence was really agreeable—so, at least, I have always heard, for he was before my day; but I suspect it was that officious agreeability of the artist, the smartness that lies in wait for a smile or the sparkle of the eye, that he may transmit it to the panel.

"The great miniature-painter of our day is really a specimen of a miniature intelligence—the most incessant little driveller of worse than nothings: the small gossip that is swept down the back-stairs of a palace, the flat commonplaces of great people, are his stock-in-trade: the only value of such contributions to history is, that they must be true. None but kings could be so tiresome! I remember once sitting to this gentleman, when only just recovering from an illness, and when possibly I endured his forced and forty-horse power of small talk with less than ordinary patience. He had painted nearly every crowned head in Europe—kings, kaisers, archdukes, and grand-duchesses in every principality, from the boundless tracts of the Czar's possessions, to those states which emulate the small green turf deposited in a bird's cage. Dear me! how

wearisome it was to hear him recount the ordinary traits that marked the life of great people, as if the greatest Tory of us all ever thought kings and queens were any thing but men and women!

"I listened, as though in a long distressing dream, to narratives of how the Prince de Joinville, so terribly eager to burn our dockyards and destroy our marine, could be playful as a lamb in his nursery with the children. How Louis Philippe held the little Count de Paris fast in his chair till his portrait was taken. (Will he be able to seat him so securely on the throne of France?) How the Emperor of Austria, with the simplicity of a great mind and a very large head, always thought he could sit behind the artist and watch the progress of his own picture! I listened, I say, till my ears tingled and my head swam, and in that moment there was not a 'bounty man' from Kentucky or Ohio that held royalty more cheaply than myself. Just at this very nick my servant came to whisper me, that an agent for Messrs. Lorch, Rath, et Co., the wine-merchants of Frankfort, had called, by my desire, to take an order for some hock. Delighted at the interruption, I ordered he should be admitted, and the next moment a very tall pretentious-looking German, with a tremendously frogged and Brandenburg coat, and the most extensive beard and moustaches, entered, and with all the ceremonial of his native land saluted us both, three times over. I received him with the most impressive and respectable politeness, and seemed, at least, only to resume my seat after his expressed permission. The artist, who understood nothing of German, watched all our proceedings with a 'miniature eye,' and at last whispered gently, 'Who is he?' 'Heavens!' said I, in a low tone, 'don't you know?—he is the Crown Prince of Hanover!' The words were not uttered when my little friend let fall his palette and sprang off his chair, shocked at the very thought of his being seated in such presence. The German turned towards him one of those profoundly austere glances that only a foreign bagman or an American tragedian can compass, and took no further notice of him. The interview over, I accompanied him to the antechamber, and then took my leave, to the horror of Sir C——, who asked me at least twenty times, 'Why I did not go down to the door?' 'Oh, we are old friends,' said I; 'I knew him at Göttingen a dozen years ago, and we never stand on any ceremony together.' My fiction, miserable as it was, served me from further anecdotes of royalty, since what private history of kings could astonish the man on such terms of familiarity with the Crown Prince of Hanover?"

Here, again, is a story of Louis Philippe, including a trait of Napoleon:

"Que bella cosa! to be a king! Here am I now, returned from Neuilly, whither I dreaded so much to venture, actually enchanted with the admirable manner of his Majesty Louis Philippe, adding one more to the long list of those who, beginning with Madame de Genlis and Johnson, have delighted to extol the qualities whose pleasing properties have been expended on themselves. There is, however, something wonderfully interesting in the picture of a royal family living *en bourgeois*—a King sitting with his spectacles on his forehead and his newspaper on his knee, playfully alluding to observations whose fallacy he alone can demonstrate; a Queen busily engaged amid the toils of the work-table, around which Princesses of every European royalty are seated, gaily chatting over their embroidery, or listening while an amusing book is read out by a husband or a brother: even an American would be struck by such a view of monarchy. The Duc de Nemours is the least prepossessing of the princes; his deafness, too, assists the impression of his coldness and austerity: while the too-studied courtesy of the Prince de Joinville towards Englishmen is the reverse of an amicable demonstration. I could not help feeling surprised at the freedom with which his Majesty canvassed our leading political characters; for his intimate acquaintance with them all, I was well prepared. One remark he made worth remembering: 'The Duke of Wellington should always be your Minister of Foreign Affairs, no matter what the changes of party. It is not that his great opportunities of knowing the continent, assisted by his unquestionable ability, alone distinguish him, but that his name and the weight of his opinion on any disputed question exert a greater influence than any other man's over the various sovereignties of Europe. After the Emperor himself, he was the greatest actor in the grand drama of the early part of the century; he made himself conspicuous in every council, even less by the accuracy of his views than by their unerring, unswerving rectitude. The desperate struggle in which he had taken part had left no traces of ungenerous feeling or animosity behind, and the pride of conquest had never disturbed the equanimity of the negotiator.' What other statesman in England had dared to ratify the Belgian revolution, and, by his simple acknowledgment, place the fact beyond appeal? It is with statesmen as with soldiers; the men who have been conversant with great events maintain the prestige of their ascendancy over all who 'never smelt pow-

der;' and Metternich wields much of his great influence on such a tenure.

"*Appropos* of Metternich; the king told a trait of him which I have not heard before. In one of those many stormy interviews which took place between him and the Emperor, Napoleon, irritated at the tone of freedom assumed by the Austrian envoy, endeavoured by an artifice to recall him to what he deemed a recollection of their relative stations, and then, as it were, inadvertently let fall his hat for the Prince to take it up; instead of which Metternich moved back and bowed, leaving the Emperor to lift it from the ground himself. Napoleon, it would seem, was ever on the watch to detect and punish the slightest infraction of that respect which 'doth hedge a king,' even in cases when the offender had nothing further from his mind than the intention to transgress: a rather absurd illustration was mentioned by the king. The Emperor was one day seeking for a book in the library at Malmaison, and at last discovered it on a shelf somewhat above his reach. Marshal Moncey, one of the tallest men in the army, who was present, immediately stepped forward, saying, 'Permettez, Sire. Je suis plus grand que votre Majesté!' 'Vous voulez dire plus long, Maréchal,' said the Emperor, with a frown that made the reproof actually a severity.

"From the tone of his Majesty's observations on our nobility, and the security such an order necessarily creates, I thought I could mark a degree of regret at the extinction of the class in France. How natural such a feeling! For how, after all, can a monarchy long subsist with such a long interval between the crown and the people? The gradations of rank are the best guarantees against any assault on its privileges; a House of Lords is the best floating breakwater against the storms of a people in revolt. With a marked condescension, his Majesty inquired after my health and the object of my journey; and when I mentioned Naples, hastily remarked, 'Ah, well! I can promise you a very agreeable house to pass your evenings in: we are going to send Favancourt there as envoy, and Madame la Comtesse is your countrywoman. This, however, is a secret which even Favancourt himself is ignorant of.'"

How the hero of the new Reform movement may confirm or deny the truth of an anecdote which Horace Templeton has to tell of him, we cannot presume to guess. Our readers will see, from the tone in which the tale is told, that the narrator is not one of those who can always see that the self-styled gentleman and man of rank is at times one of the last who can claim to be truly "gentle." The story stands thus:

"Sir Gordon remarked, that in this quality of coolness and imperturbability he never saw any one surpass his friend Sir Robert Darcy. One evening when playing at whist, at Potsdam, with the late King of Prussia, his Majesty, in a fit of inadvertence, appropriated to himself several gold pieces belonging to Sir Robert. The king at last perceived and apologised for his mistake, adding, 'Why did you not inform me of it?' 'Because I knew your Majesty always makes restitution when you have obtained time for reflection.' Hanover was then on the tapis, and the king felt the allusion. I must not forget a trait of that peculiar sarcastic humour for which Sir Robert was famous. Although a Whig—an old blue-and-yellow of the Fox school—he hated more than any man that mongrel party which, under the name of Whigs, have carried on the Opposition in Parliament for so many years; and of that party, a certain well-known advocate for economical reforms came in for his most especial detestation: perhaps he detested him particularly, because he had desecrated the high ground of Oppositional attack, and brought it down to paltry cavillings about the sums accorded to poor widows on the pension list, or the amount of sealing-wax consumed in the Foreign Office. When, therefore, the honourable and learned gentleman, in the course of a continental tour, happened to pass through the city where Sir Robert lived as ambassador, he received a card of invitation to dinner, far more on account of a certain missive from the Foreign Office, than from any personal claims he was possessed of. The member of Parliament was a *gourmand* of the first water; he had often heard of Sir Robert's *cuisine*—various travellers had told him that such a table could not be surpassed, and so, although desirous of getting forward, he countermanded his horses, and accepted the invitation.

"Sir Robert, whose taste for good living was indisputable, no sooner read the note acceding to his request than he called his *attachés* together, and said, 'Gentlemen, you will have a very bad dinner to-day; but I request you will all dine here, as I have a particular object in expressing the wish.'

"Dinner-hour came; and after the usual ceremony the party were seated at table, when a single soup appeared: this was followed by a dish of fish; and then, without *entrée* or *hors d'œuvre*, came a boiled leg of mutton, Sir Robert promising to his guest that it was to have no successor: adding, 'You see,

sir, what a poor entertainment I have provided for you; but to this have the miserable economists in Parliament brought us—next session may carry it further, and leave us without even so much.' Joseph was sold, and never forgot it since."

Our author, being a collector of diplomatic witticisms and good stories, has, of course, his sketch of Talleyrand. How the wily Minister once outwitted an English Minister, Lord T——, he thus tells:

"Old Sir Robert W—— used to say to his *attachés*—'Never tell me secrets; but whenever any thing is publicly discussed in the clubs and cafés, let me hear it.' In the same way, he always rejected the authenticity of any revelations where Talleyrand, or Metternich, or Pozzo di Borgo's names appeared. 'These men,' he always used to say, 'were their own confidants, and never leaked save to serve a purpose.' It was from Sir Robert I heard a story first, which has since, I believe, been fully corroborated. An under-secretary of Talleyrand, during the Prince's residence as French ambassador at St. James's, informed his Excellency one morning, that a very tempting offer had been made to him if he would disclose the contents of his master's writing-desk. He had not accepted, nor altogether declined the proposal, wishing to know from the Prince how it might be made available to his plans, and whether a direct accusation of the author, a person of high station, would be deemed advisable. Talleyrand merely said, 'Take the money; the middle board of the drawer in my secretary is removable by a very simple contrivance, which I'll shew you. I had it made so at Paris. You'll find all the papers you want there. Take copies of them.' 'But, Monsieur le Prince——' 'Pray make your mind at ease. I'll neither compromise myself nor you.'

"The secretary obeyed; the bargain was performed, and a supposed 'secret correspondence between Talleyrand and Arnim,' deposited in Lord T——'s hands. About a week afterwards Lord T—— invited the Prince to pass some days at his seat in Herefordshire, where a distinguished party was assembled. The ambassador accepted, and they met like the most cordial of friends. When the period of the visit drew to its conclusion, they were walking one morning in the grounds together, engaged in a conversation of the most amicable candour, each vying with the other by the frankness and unreserve of his communications.

"Come now, Prince,' said Lord T——, 'we are, I rejoice to find, on terms which will permit any freedom. Tell me frankly, how do you stand with Prussia? Are there any understandings between you to which we must not be parties?' 'None whatever.' 'You say this freely and without reserve?' 'Without the slightest reserve or qualification.'

"Lord T—— seemed overjoyed, and the discussion concluded. They dined that day together, and in the evening a large company was assembled to meet the Prince before his departure for London. As usual at T—— House, the party contained a great show of distinguished persons, political and literary. Among the subjects of conversation started was the question of how it happened that men of great literary distinction so rarely could shine as statesmen; and that even such as by their writings evinced a deep insight into political science, were scarcely ever found to combine practical habits of business with this great theoretical talent. The discussion was amusing, because it was carried on by men who themselves occupied the highest walks in their respective careers.

"To arrest a somewhat warm turn of the controversy, Lord T——, turning to the Prince, said, 'I suppose, Monsieur le Prince, you have seldom been able to indulge in imaginative composition?' 'Pardon me, my Lord, I have from time to time dissipated a little in that respect; and, if I must confess it, with a very considerable degree of amusement.'

"The announcement, made with a most perfect air of candour, interested at once the whole company, who could not subdue their murmured expression of surprise as to the theme selected by the great diplomatist.

"I believe,' said he, smiling, 'I am in a position to gratify the present company; for, if I mistake not, I have actually with me at this moment a brief manuscript of my latest attempt in fiction. As I am a mere amateur, without the slightest pretension to skill or ability, I feel no reluctance at exposing my efforts to the kind criticism of friends. I only make one stipulation.' 'Oh, pray, what is it? any thing, of course, you desire!' was heard on every side. 'It is this. I read very badly, and I would request that T——, our kind host, would take upon him to read it aloud for us.'

"Lord T—— was only too much flattered by the proposal, and the Prince retired to fetch his papers, leaving the company amazed at the singularity of a scene which so little accorded with all they had ever heard of the deep and wily minister; some of the shrewdest persons significantly observing, that the Prince was evidently verging on those years when vanity of every kind meets fewest obstacles to its display.

"Here are my papers, my Lord,' said the Prince, entering

with his manuscript. 'I have only to hope that they may afford to the honourable company any portion of the amusement their composition has given me.'

"The party seated themselves round the room, and Lord T——, disposing the papers on the table before him, arranged the candles, and prepared to begin. 'The title of the piece is missing,' said he, after a pause. 'Oh, no, my Lord; you'll find it on the envelope,' replied Talleyrand. 'Ah, very true; here it is;—'Secret Correspondence'——' Lord T—— stopped—his hand trembled—the blood left his face—and he leaned back in his chair almost fainting. 'You are not ill!—are you ill?' broke from many voices together. 'No; not in the least,' said he, endeavouring to smile; 'but the Prince has been practising a bit of *plaisanterie* on me, which I own has astounded me.' 'Won't you read it, my Lord; or shall I explain?' 'Oh, Monsieur le Prince,' said Lord T——, crushing the papers into his pocket, 'I think you may be satisfied;' and with this, to the company, very mysterious excuse, his Lordship abruptly retired; while Talleyrand almost immediately set out for London.

"The nature of the mystification was not disclosed till long afterwards; and it is but justice to both parties to say, not by Talleyrand, but by Lord T—— himself."

These kind of anecdotes are the pleasantest things in the volumes. The adventures and scenes of painful or exciting interest, occasionally introduced, are the next best; but they terminate so abruptly, and the record of them ends in a silence so unnatural, under the supposed circumstances, that they fail of half their effect. Such tales as the story of the boy and his starling we find prosy and flat; and for the rest of the book, it is bad, or it is naught.

MILLINGEN'S REPUBLICAN FRANCE.

[Second notice.]

EVERY one knows of the horrible blasphemies with which the Parisian people, in the old revolution, instituted what they termed the worship of the Goddess of Reason; but the companion follies with which Robespierre re-enacted the authority of natural religion are not so generally familiar to readers of this date. The attention is so painfully absorbed by the wickednesses and horrors of the Reign of Terror, that the fooleries into which an occasional reaction of feeling hurried the popular fancy are overlooked in the general scene of carnage and atheism. It was during one of these momentary lucid intervals that the *spectacle* described by Dr. Millingen was exhibited in Paris. Robespierre determined that France should worship a Supreme Being; and with the aid of David the painter, and Cuvelier, a writer of pantomimes and melodramas, got up an inauguration. Here is the record of the scene:

"It was in the beginning of June, and the day was most resplendent. The preceding evening crowds of young people had repaired to the Bois de Boulogne to collect branches of trees, and to the neighbouring fields and gardens to cull flowers; garlands and festoons of oak-foliage, and wheat-sheaves, were hung from every window, and thrown across the streets on the ropes of the *reverberères*, or night-lamps. The procession was numerous, and most picturesque in its appearance. Children in white tunics crowned with violets; youths with their brows shaded with myrtle; athletic men, in a Roman costume, and with chaplets of oak-leaves, were followed by old men, whose silvery hair was braided with ivy and olive-leaves. Women and children, in ancient costumes, bore baskets of flowers; and on a triumphal car, drawn by twelve white oxen, was borne the goddess Ceres, represented by Clothilde of the Opera. In this cortege moved the members of the Convention. They were dressed in garter blue coats with steel buttons, with a tri-colored scarf round their waists, and three-coloured plumes in their hats; each of them carried a nosegay, with ears of wheat; but at their head, and several paces in advance, walked Robespierre; he stepped out with an assumed, haughty, and proud bearing, little compatible with the notions of equality then entertained. He was evidently inflated with pride, and considered himself the pontiff of the reintegrated divinity. In front of the centre pavilion of the Tuileries was erected an immense amphitheatre, crowded with musicians and public functionaries. The front seats were reserved for the members of the Convention, who gradually took their seats as the head of the procession reached the flight of steps leading to them. In front were erected colossal statues of Atheism, Discord, and Egotism. Robespierre, in the centre and front of the Assembly, still preserved his predominance. A glorious hymn to the Supreme Being, the words by Chenier, the music by Gossec, was now performed.

It might be considered a paraphrase of Pope's Universal Prayer; and the two first verses, as well as I can recollect, ran as follows:

‘Père de l'univers, suprême intelligence,
Bienfaiteur ignoré des aveugles mortels,
Tu révelas ton être à la reconnaissance,
Qui sut t'élever des autels.

Ton temple est sur les monts, sur la terre, et sur l'onde,
Tu n'eûs pas de passé, tu n'as pas d'avenir,
Et sans les occuper tu remplis tous les mondes,
Qui ne peuvent te contenir.’

“At the conclusion of this canticle, Robespierre made a long oration on the solemn occasion, and then, seizing a torch, he stepped down from the amphitheatre, and set fire to the statues of Atheism, Discord, and Egotism, which, being full of combustibles and crackers, were rapidly consumed, in a dense smoke, and with a loud explosion.

“The orchestra now executed a piece of Mehul's, descriptive of the Battle of Fleurus; and the fire of the contending armies was imitated by a singular accompaniment of musketry and field-pieces, fired in time at a signal of the leader. The effect was most surprising and effective. While this composition was performing, the procession started again for the Champ de Mars, Robespierre displaying, if possible, more arrogance and pride than before, heading the National Convention.

“In the centre of the Champ de Mars (where the altar of the country had once been erected, and round which the mob had been fired upon by Bailly and Lafayette), stood an artificial mountain, of difficult ascent; a spreading cedar-tree was on its summit, and the members of the Convention were seated around it, while the sanguinary triumvirate, Robespierre, St. Just, and the crippled Couthon, who had been carried up in an arm-chair, occupied the centre of the mountain, casting a look of proud disdain, not only on the multitude around them, but on their colleagues of the Convention.

“Other hymns were now sung by numerous performers. Young men drew their Roman swords, and swore to die, if necessary, in the defence of their country; and women held up their babes and children, and consecrated them to the service of France and the Supreme Being! while salvos of artillery were pealing from the platform of the Invalides, and the procession returned to the Tuileries in the same order. The gardens were illuminated, fireworks were let off, and orchestras, placed in different parts, invited the pious people to end the festivity by dancing. Such was the *fête de l'Etre Suprême*, from whence may be dated the downfall of Robespierre, its founder. The summit of the pasteboard and canvass mountain, raised by theatrical carpenters and machinists, which he had proudly ascended, intoxicated with pride, proved his Tarpeian rock.”

The picture Dr. Millingen draws of one of Robespierre's chief assistants in the bringing out of this foolery shews the stuff of which the priests and ministers of this new religion were made.

“I had frequent occasion at this time to meet the celebrated David. He was in every respect a most forbidding person. His looks, naturally sinister, were rendered more hideous by a tumour in the cheek, the nature of which I could not understand. He was considered as the founder of a new and what was called a classic school; the *manierism* of Boucher, Vanloo, and Coypel, he abhorred. He had commenced his studies under Boucher, whom he left for the atelier of Vien. However, disgusted with the style of the day, he repaired to Italy, where he said the sight of the *chef-d'œuvres* of that school and the conversation of antiquarians had cured him of the cataract. He then adopted a classic purity of style, and, despising colouring and what he used to call perspective and chromatic harmony, he applied himself chiefly to correct drawing—a method which gave to his productions the appearance of sculptured marble bassi relievi, more than of living scenes; and many of his figures were borrowed from antique intaglios and cameos. He wished that each figure should be an academic study, that might be copied separately out of the grouping. Despising every thing modern as barbarous and *manieré*, he was a slave of antiquity; and he often told Talma that he first admired him in his Britannicus, when he fancied that he beheld a Roman statue descend from its pedestal and walk before him. A stanch Republican, he threw himself headlong into the revolutionary vortex, and was, perhaps, one of the most ferocious and unrelenting members of the Jacobin Club. When numerous and indiscriminate executions took place, he would chuckle with delight, and exclaim, ‘*C'est ça, il faut encore broyer du rouge.*’ His vanity could only be equalled by his cruelty; and one day, when he was boasting of being incorruptible, like Robespierre, Fabre d'Églantine replied, ‘I know what would bribe you.’ ‘What?’ he exclaimed with indignation. ‘An apotheosis in the Pantheon during your lifetime,’ was the answer. This vanity was exhibited on his death-bed, when, to ascertain the state of his faculties, an engraving of his picture of Thermopylæ was shewn

to him: he cast on it his glassy eyes, and muttered, ‘*Il n'y a que moi qui pouvait concevoir la tête de Leonidas.*’ These were his last words.

“Yet this miscreant, bold in his career of crime, was both a sycophant and a coward. When painting by order of Napoleon, he often crouched like a spaniel before his insolent protector, who frequently put his patience to a severe test. In his celebrated picture of the distribution of the eagles to his legions, David had represented Victory soaring over them, and holding forth crowns of laurel. ‘What do you mean, sir, by this foolish allegory?’ said the Emperor; ‘it was unnecessary. Without borrowing such absurd fictions, the world must know that all my soldiers are conquerors.’ So saying, he quitted the studio; but on returning a few days after he found that the artist had painted three scrolls on the ground, bearing the names of Bonaparte, Hannibal, and Charlemagne. Napoleon was delighted with the compliment. David used to relate another anecdote of his employer. When he had ordered him to paint his portrait, he asked him how he intended to represent him. ‘On the field of victory, sir, sword in hand.’ ‘Bah!’ replied the Emperor; ‘victories are not gained by the sword alone. Sir, represent me dashing forward on a fiery steed.’ When requesting Napoleon to sit a little more steadily, that he might the more easily catch the resemblance, he replied, ‘Pshaw, sir! who cares for a resemblance? What are mere features, sir? The artist should represent the character of the physiognomy—all its fire—all its inspiration. Do you think, sir, that Alexander ever sat to Apelles?’

Other strange, and, to our island tastes, unaccountable frivolities broke in upon the gloomy realities of those times of bloody violence, and shewed the French character in its extremes. All at once fashion took to mimicking the peculiarities of the Jacobins, and a sort of aristocratic mania possessed every one who wished to be in the *mode*. Elegant coats, with black or green collars, replaced the coarse *carmagnole*; fops wore their hair *à la guillotine*, instead of *à la Brutus*, or *à la Caracalla*; the young puppies called themselves *la jeunesse dorée*, and aped the lisping weakness of tongue of the empty-headed courtiers who had been their victims. The sons of the victims themselves often appeared in public with crape round their hats and arms; and a ball was given in the Rue de la Michaudière, to which no one was admitted who had not lost a relative by the guillotine, and at which all the guests appeared in deep mourning. This assembly was called the *Bal des Victimes*! Here, again, is a record of another popular absurdity:

“In opposition to the fashionable concerts then in great vogue, a most singular exhibition was got up in the Rue de Bac, called *le Concert des Chats*. A fellow had collected a large number of these animals (cats), and had placed them in rows in an amphitheatre, their hind legs and tails being concealed. The poor creatures were divided into instrumental and vocal performers; the former had mock instruments in their paws, the latter held rolls of paper. The showman then pulled their tails, in solos, duets, or choruses, and the noise the wretched animals made was truly terrific. This absurd spectacle roused the indignation of Mesdames Tallien and Récamier, and the police forbade the barbarous performance.”

Almost as strange was a commercial mania which at one time became fashionable in the remaining *beau monde* of Paris.

“Ladies would purchase pieces of muslin, or silk, or lace, and go about selling them by retail, at advanced prices. Many ladies of the *bon ton* of the day were speculating in oil, and butter, and salt fish, and carried about samples of these commodities. The men assembled at the entrance of the Palais Royal, leading to the Rue Vivienne, and called, from its steps, *Le Perron*; and there they would negotiate the sale, not only of stock and shares in public and private funds, but of horses, cloth, leather, any thing, in short, that could be bought or sold to advantage; others, of more elevated mind, dealt in books, pictures, prints, &c., and attended auctions for bargains to be disposed of afterwards in private houses. Such was the rage for traffic, that, in a *soirée*, you would see ladies, young and old, exchange or sell their trinkets—their watches; and no Israelite ever chuckled with greater delight when they fancied that they had *done* a purchaser! I recollect my dear friend *la belle Hortense* asking me to endeavour to dispose of some splendid gilt *chenets* (fire dogs), which the Albittes had purchased with the Hôtel de Créquy, and which bore the armorials of that ancient family; and my poor father, but for our entreaties, would have put all we had to auction.”

By and by, as time ran on, young Millingen had some little experience and knowledge of the progress

of the rising star of the day; and he watched the gradual, though sure, advance of Napoleon to power. From the first, Bonaparte shewed that intense hatred of the English which he displayed to the end, and which could only be accounted for by the supposition that he felt that they alone could be or would be his masters. As was ever the case with him, he shewed the mingled greatness and littleness of his mind by occasional outbreaks of temper, which were so public that every body knew of them; and, little as he himself anticipated it, in all probability tended to strengthen in the minds of the French that latent fear of final failure which rankled in his own ambitious breast. The following story is a specimen of the Emperor's childish aversion to every thing that reminded him of his unconquered foes:

"It is not generally known, but, in this affair, Bonaparte received a bayonet-wound in the thigh. Of this I was assured by the Dowager Grand Duchess of Baden, the niece of Josephine. This circumstance he kept a profound secret, and entertained singular presentiments of a sinister nature regarding it, often fancying that it was ominous of his ultimate fall under the British power. His hatred to the English was most inveterate; and Countess de Walsh, *dame d'honneur* to the Grand Duchess Stéphanie, related to me an anecdote which shewed that he sometimes displayed this hostile feeling in a most trivial manner. One evening, at Malmaison, the Court were sitting round a table, engaged in various pursuits, and Princess Hortense was amusing herself in writing in various hands. Napoleon looked over her shoulder, and asked what sort of hand she was then imitating. She replied, '*L'Anglaise*,' the name given in France to a running-hand. Napoleon instantly snatched the paper, tore it, and stamped it under his foot, exclaiming fiercely, '*Madame, n'imites rien qui appartienne à cette nation!*'"

These are some of the most amusing portions of Dr. Millingen's gossiping book; but those who feel disposed to turn to its pages will find many more such anecdotes and details, which, if not always authenticated by the best vouchers, are yet entertaining enough for an hour or two's light reading.

Short Notices.

The Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent. Translated by the Rev. J. Waterworth. To which are prefixed, *Essays on the External and Internal History of the Council.* London, Dolman.

WE have often wondered that English literature supplied no translation of the decrees of the celebrated Tridentine Council. Mr. Waterworth, indeed, tells us that an absurd burlesque of a translation appeared in 1687 from the pen of an anonymous writer; but, in common with most readers of ecclesiastical history and theology, we were not aware of its existence, and therefore imagined that the English Catholic body must be extraordinarily learned in the Latin language, so that they were wont to peruse the decrees of Trent in the original tongue, or that they were extraordinarily apathetic as to the decrees themselves. Whatever be the fact, Mr. Waterworth has redeemed what we must venture to call a disgrace to the theological libraries of this country, and has given a complete version of these decrees and canons, prefixing to his volume a full account of the external and internal history of the proceedings of the assembled prelates, based on the elaborate work of Pallavicino. Criticism of such a production is, of course, little called for; but we do not hesitate to say, that both the Protestant and the Catholic world would be none the worse for a few hours' attentive study of the volume before us. It is worth a thousand controversial speeches on the subject.

The Celebrated Controversial Discussion between the Rev. J. Cumming, D.D., and Daniel French, Esq., held at Hamersmith in 1839. Arthur Hall and Co.

THESE theological tournaments are happily going rapidly out of fashion. To ourselves they are as intolerable, as we believe them to be useless to every body who hears them. Two persons argue, one against the other, each for the most part misunderstanding his opponent's grounds and principles of testing truth, and under circumstances which give the unscrupulous demagogue an often irresistible power of putting an honest controversialist to shame. This edition, being published by Dr. Cumming's friends, says that Dr. C. kept his temper, and Mr. French lost his. If we had been at the meeting we should most decidedly have followed Mr. French's example before it was half over.

The Fine Arts.

ON ENTHUSIASM IN ART.

[Concluded from p. 161].

III. THAT that the unenthusiastic artist is condemned to an eternal mediocrity, is sufficiently evident from the slightest reflection upon the eminently poetic and imaginative character of all true art. We might as well hope for a noble, glorious, and touching epic or lyric poem from a cold, tame, passionless poet, as expect the production of pictures or statues instinct with genuine artistic life from one who was not *possessed* by a spirit of ardent enthusiasm in the cultivation of his natural genius and talents. The cobbler may make his shoes, the haberdasher sell his goods, the merchant cast up his accounts, in that calm, prosy, dull, heavy routine of business, which suffers him to forget all that he has been doing, the moment the hour of toil is past; but the artist who approaches his marble or his easel with the same cold, inanimate, soulless steadiness, and when his work is over, forgets it till the recurring hour of labour recalls his thoughts to the task,—such an one is no artist at all; he is a mechanical manufacturer; he cannot give to his generation anything that shall profoundly move its emotions, for the spirit of art disdains to inspire such men as these with the fire of true invention or imagination.

For see *what* the artist is in the world in which he works out his vocation. He stands as it were between the soul and her habitation. The universe is his material and his instrument. He is the interpreter of the relation between matter and spirit; the voice of the inward, divine intelligence, as it looks forth upon a world full of beauty, and seeks to utter its conceptions and emotions. The Almighty Creator of man and his dwelling-place has been pleased to create a certain mysterious harmony between what is visible and invisible; he has so formed the objects of sense, that they commend themselves by a certain mysterious affinity to all that is most pure and elevated in our minds, and serve to us as an expression of what we think and feel. The ear and the eye alike, as they open themselves to the sounds and sights of nature and life, are filled with pleasurable emotions, which answer with readiest sympathy to the invocation from without, as the chords of the Æolian harp tremble in instantaneous harmonies beneath the breath of the gentle breeze. The laws which direct the pulsations of the atmosphere are formed to awake also in our secret breasts certain strange, unfathomable, yet exquisitely delightful sensations; and not only are these sensations sweet and welcome in themselves, but we possess a faculty for employing them in return, for the utterance of our own conceptions and feelings, and for bidding the souls of all around us vibrate in response to our own. The whole world of sound is thus the domain of the cultivated and imaginative musician; through sound he feels; through sound he speaks; through sound he learns to know the mysteries of an invisible world; through sound he communicates to his fellow-men a multitude of ideas and emotions which no mere written or spoken language is adequate to convey.

Such also is sight to the true and enlightened artist. The visible creation is the empire over which he rules. The heavens above him, the earth around him, the men and women with whom he dwells, every work of divine creation or of human art and skill,—all these are perpetually pouring into his mind a flood of sensations, in the reception or rejection of which his mind is incessantly employed. Every where he perceives either beauty or deformity, in some one of their myriad varieties and combinations. Colour, form, proportion, perspective, expression, with every element which goes to make up the entire effect of a scene, a building, a painting, a group in marble, a countenance,—these all have a magic power upon him, affecting him with a strange, incomprehensible power, and calling up emotions of pleasure, admiration, love, and reverence, from his willing mind. And what he sees and feels, he instinctively desires to repeat himself, according to the measure of his means and ability.

Those sources of enjoyment and thought, which crowd in upon him from without, he acknowledges to be a species of talent entrusted to his care, by the employment of which he will worthily fulfil his personal destiny, and accomplish his appointed work among his companions and cotemporaries. He would fain speak to his brothers, as nature and man have spoken to himself. He would re-echo for their delight the sounds that have floated upon the ear of his own mind. He would invent new combinations; he would study the laws which ruled the creation of those productions of beauty and sublimity which have so deeply moved himself; and, in obedience to their dictates, create something new and unknown, expressive of his own thoughts, adapted to the wants and regards of his own generation, descriptive of those events in the history of his race which are most adapted to awake the sympathies of his age, or calculated to purify and ennoble the mental condition of all who may look upon and study his works. Whether his vocation be painting, sculpture, or architecture; landscape, historical painting, or portraiture; whether he build a palace, decorate a cathedral, or design the most trivial instruments for daily use; still, the same spirit will animate the true and honest artist. From the boundless resources of the visible world, both of nature and art, he will choose such materials, and employ them on such principles, as shall not only make his work fulfil the mere use for which it was designed, but shall add to it such an accompanying grace and beauty, as will commend themselves to the delight and approval of the most refined, cultivated, and noble in mind.

Now will any man allege that such a work as this can be accomplished by any creature who is not animated by a spirit of ardent, enthusiastic devotion to his vocation? How can he study a universe, whose eyes are ever closed to the entrance of its charms? How can he, to whom *every thing* that he sees ought to have a significance, comprehend the full nature of the powers which are entrusted to him, if he sets about his noble task in the spirit of a bondsman; coming unwillingly, or even coldly, to his daily duties, and returning to the unimaginative facts of common life with delight, when he has accomplished his allotted hours of toil? How can that be a fire from heaven, burning in his soul, which is extinguished day by day, beneath a torrent of cold, earthly sensations, in which the spirit of art has no share? No! the fire of the artist must be a Vestal's flame: lighted first by a spark from on high, it must burn day by day, and night by night, with an unquenched radiance. Now it may be pale and dim; now it may be obscured and apparently on the point of departure, as the cares, sorrows, and struggles of life agitate or oppress the soul which it enlightens; but it can never die, until the light of life itself be extinguished, and the soul flees away to that region of eternal brightness, of which all the beauties and splendours of this visible heaven and earth are but the types, the images, the anticipations.

Let those who think this picture overcharged, put the question to any truly great artist, be he poet, painter, or musician. Never was there such an one who would not instantly reply, that the thoughts of his art were ever present to his mind. There is not a true artist alive who would not answer such a question by saying, that his mind is unceasingly open to the influence of whatever he sees or hears that is great or beautiful, in his passage through life. He cannot shake off the thoughts of his art; he does not wish to do it; he is not oppressed by them, he is possessed by them, and that, not in the way of bondage or hard labour, but by the exercise of the most delightful sway, and by the influence of a power to which it is happiness to yield a devoted obedience. He cannot help looking at all nature with a painter's eye; he follows his duties at all hours, when the demands of common life and the duties which he shares in common with all mankind permit him; he is ever gathering together his materials; ever wandering in an imaginative world, ever cultivating his perceptions and refining his tastes, ever watching the innumerable changes which the revolutions of each day present to his view, ever adding to his stores of knowledge, and profiting by the expe-

rience of others. And this he does, so silently, so quietly, so unobtrusively, that to the world in general he may seem no more occupied with the laws of beauty and grace than the most matter-of-fact and prosaic of mortals. For what he does, he does in the spirit of love; and in love there is nothing noisy, obtrusive, eccentric, or incompatible with the most trivial duties of the passing moment. The contemplation of the beauty of the universe is, indeed, to the artist, what the act of breathing is to the corporeal frame; whatever be the occupations of the bodily system, still those silent, gentle inhalations of the food of life continue; and so, also, the eye of the true child of art is open, as it were, night and day; and it sees and receives its impressions in silent joy, even while the thoughts are busied with what seem the most absorbing and distracting of occupations. Such is his *enthusiasm*; such his *possession* by that heaven-born power which makes him what he is, and whispers the words he utters to the world.

IV. But, still farther, the cultivation of the spirit of art demands an enthusiastic devotion, on the part of those who are called to it, by the very destinies of those faculties which it calls into play. There is a notion, indeed, that art is essentially a thing of this present world; that the sensations which we derive from the contemplation of visible beauty and its kindred sources of delight are in their nature temporary, and connected only with our mortal state of existence. We do not mean to say, that this notion is generally definitely and dogmatically stated in so many words. People do not positively say that there is no such thing as *sight* in heaven, and that the abode of the blessed has no charms for the eye of the spiritualised body. But yet there can be no question that even among those who live most habitually under a sense of the reality of the future world, there prevails a most inadequate conception of the mode in which our *present* faculties will find their perfect development and occupation in their future home. The popular notions of the nature of the eternal world are so preposterously vague and unreal, that men rob themselves of more than half the wisdom with which they might cultivate their intellectual powers, under a conviction that this present culture was indeed an anticipation of the employments of eternity.*

Especially is this the case in our enjoyments of the charms which visible beauty communicates to our minds in their present condition. Few persons, who are profoundly impressed with the perishable nature of all that we now look upon with delight, can venture to throw themselves, heart and soul, into the pleasures that woo them with so loving a voice, because they are haunted with a fear that they would be thus giving too much power to objects of an essentially transitory and worthless kind. The soul, indeed, looks at nature, and mourns. The very sight of her loveliness fills us with sadness. Touched, aroused, inflamed with the mysterious spell, we gaze and gaze again, unable to open all the depths of our spirit to the reception of the ineffable charm; and conscious of a present, undefinable bondage of the soul to imperfection and sorrow, which suffers us rather to yearn for joy than to experience its fulness. Yet the while, a secret voice whispers that this is not the eternal law of our being. We *know* that we are made for better things. The spirit of beauty presents herself to us, clothed in such a garb of celestial brightness and purity, that we recognise her heavenly birth, and our whole heart recoils from the idea that *beauty* is not an inhabitant of the bowers of Paradise. Why all this wondrous stirring of the depths of my soul, as the charms of creation meet my eye or float upon my ear? Why all this inscrutable longing which I feel to burst forth from my present state of captivity, and to open my heart to the reception of those charms, which now I gaze at, as it were, wistfully and from afar? What means this conflict between my faculties and the dark, cold power which now enslaves them? this sadness, which makes me weep at the sight of what most I love to see? this conscious-

* We have entered at some length into the purely intellectual portion of this subject in previous numbers of the *Rambler*, Nos. 3 and 12, pp. 35, 230, Art. on "The Destinies of the Intellect."

ness that there exists a secret harmony between my spirit and all the works of the great Creator, but whose strains are marred by the din of care, misfortune, and pressing infirmities? What is all this but a token that the sights and sounds of earth are a foretaste of the sights and sounds of that heaven, to which they who have rightly used the trials of life will most assuredly attain?

Here, therefore, is the true Christian view of art, and of the occupation of those who can appreciate its powers and its works, whether the result of their own or of another's genius and skill. Whatever has solely to do with the wants of the body, is fleeting, perishing, worthless. To be enthusiastic in such things, is to be a fool. But with the artist it is not so. His work is eternal in its aim, and being eternal, it demands that ardent devotion of his whole soul to its cultivation which may fitly be given to those labours which, though at a humble distance, anticipate the occupations of a glorified intelligence. Once place the practical duties of religion in their proper pre-eminence in the mind and the life, and the artist need never fear that he is debasing his faculties, or dishonouring the Master he serves, by the most ardent enthusiasm in the pursuit of the calling to which he is devoted. Beauty is as eternal as truth, purity, justice, and love. That which is sensual passes away and is no more; but the emotions which are called forth through the medium of our senses will endure for ever. The eye and the ear are as capable of being glorified and rendered worthy instruments for the needs of a sinless spirit, as the immaterial soul which now animates our fragile frames. Only that which is vile, earthly, corrupted, and useless, will perish; every thing which ministers to the mind, in its present dwelling-place, will be cleansed from its imperfections, and remain the undying possession of immortality.

Such are the calls of art upon those whose privilege it is to follow it as their vocation, or to be in any degree capable of doing homage to its charms, or aiding in its cultivation in their generation. A soulless, heartless, frigid race may fail in thus recognising its exalted claims. Doubtless the vast majority of mankind will ever remain more or less insensible to its charms, and will prefer the beggarly elements which serve to satisfy a grovelling appetite, a childish vanity, or an insane thirst for wealth, rank, or power. Yet let the artist be but true to himself, and value and venerate his calling, and there will appear an almost countless multitude who will come forth and render to him and to his works that praise and esteem which are his due. From out of the trumpery, debased, and ignorant love for those contemptible productions which are below even the dignity of caricatures of art, will be formed a feeling, honest, genuine, hearty, and intelligent. The judgment of the crowd is now worthless, more because it has never been cultivated by men who were themselves worthy servants of the calling by which they were named, than because the English mind is inherently incapable of better things. When the English artist is himself what he ought to be, what we are convinced he might be, and what we trust he will be, his fellow-countrymen will not be behindhand in offering to him the profoundest expressions of their honour and esteem.

WAKEMAN'S IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

[Second notice.]

IN returning to our consideration of the peculiarities attaching to the form and detail of the early Irish churches, it will much aid the clearness of our ideas if we dedicate a few lines to a consideration of the members composing the immaterial structure, "the Church not made with hands:" and in pursuing this inquiry we cannot do better than follow the able condensation of the labours of Lanigan, Colgan, Sir William Betham, &c. given us by Mr. Westwood in his *Palæographia Sacra Pictoria*.

The fact that a knowledge of Christianity previous to the mission of Palladius (A.D. 423), or St. Patrick, existed in Ireland, seems to be allowed by all authorities; St. Chrysostom (A.D. 383) expressly "mention-

ing that a knowledge of the Scriptures had passed to Albion and Irene (the ancient name of Ireland), and bearing testimony that the British Church maintained the doctrines of Christianity handed down from the apostolic ages." This happy purity seems scarcely to have suffered at all from the heresy of the celebrated or rather notorious Irishman Pelagius, the author of the great Pelagian controversy in the beginning of the fifth century.

Though the voice of tradition hands down to us a clear and succinct account of the life and labours of some great apostle, who is said to have died in Ireland in the year 465, the researches of neither Dr. Lanigan nor Bishop Ussher have distinctly ascertained whether all the actions attributed to one father of the Church may not have been performed by two; whether, in fact, Palladius and Patrick may or may not have been one and the same person. However that may have been, towards the end of the century we find St. Benignus, the recorded disciple of this mysterious saint, in the full exercise of the Christian rites. To this patriarch succeeded the celebrated and learned Columbkil, who was born A.D. 523, and established in the year 563 that monastery on the island of Iona, "which soon became illustrious in the labours and triumphs of the Christian Church." This holy man was most justly renowned as a scribe, and there still exist (in the Book of Kells, and in that most interesting relic the *Caah*), specimens of his wonderful skill in calligraphy. With his name is most frequently confounded that of another Irishman, St. Columbanus, the founder of the great Irish monastery at Bobbio in Italy. Mr. Moore informs us "that the institution of female monasteries, or nunneries, such as in the fourth century were established abroad by Melania, and other pious women, was introduced into Ireland by St. Bridgid; and so general was the enthusiasm her example excited, that the religious order which she instituted spread its branches through every part of the country." She died in the year 525.

In about the middle of the sixth century St. Kieran founded on the west bank of the Shannon the great monastery of Clonmacnoise, and materially aided in the formation and maintenance of those schools which assisted with so much effect in the preservation of learning, and the dissemination of scholastic theology. The peculiar phenomenon of the retention of a taste for letters among a primitively barbarous population is thus ingeniously accounted for by the Benedictines, in the *Histoire littéraire de France*. Speaking of Ireland, they say, "On a déjà remarqué ailleurs que les gens de ce pays, presque à l'extrémité du monde, avaient mieux conservé la littérature, parcequ'ils étaient moins exposés aux révolutions que les autres parties de l'Europe."

Perhaps the most interesting evidence of the extent and depth of Irish patristic, philological, and theological study, in the sixth century, is to be found in the learned epistle written by St. Cummian to Segienus, Abbot of Ily, a work which, as Mr. Moore tells us, "enforces the great argument derived from the unity of the Church, which he (St. Cummian) supports by the authority of all the most ancient fathers, Greek as well as Latin; he passes in review the various cyclical systems that had previously been in use, pointing out their construction and defects, and shewing himself acquainted with the chronological characters, both natural and artificial. The various learning, indeed, which this curious tract displays, implies such a facility and range of access to books, as proves the libraries of the Irish students at that period to have been, for the times in which they lived, extraordinarily well furnished."

To these schools and libraries thus established, such men as St. Aidan, St. Ailbe, St. Finnian, and the great Columba, and crowds of men, young and old, who were thirsting for increased knowledge, and the pleasures of a tranquil and regular life, hastened, not only from the other parts of Great Britain, but from many of the other countries of Europe; and from them again, after a while, issued that band of apostolic missionaries whose labours tended so essentially to advance the cause of Christianity throughout Europe. The brilliant career, and final settlement in Italy of St. Columbanus, we have already alluded to; the efforts of his disciples, of St. Gall and St. Dichnill, are scarcely less remarkable.

In France the memory of SS. Caidoc, Fiacre, and Fursa; in Brabant that of St. Livin, of Ultan, and of Foilan; and in Germany that of St. Fridolin, St. Kilian (the apostle of Franconia), and St. Virgilius, were long regarded with the highest veneration. Towards the eighth century we gather from Tiraboschi that learned Irishmen were sent for, to inoculate even the Italian monasteries with new blood; and Muratori gives us in his forty-third discourse a most interesting notice of the books brought to Bobbio by Dungal, an Irish monk, who was founder not only of a great school at Pavia, but of others at Turin, Fermo, Verona, and Vicenza. There is something quite delightful in the grateful way in which that patriarch of antiquaries speaks of this elegant and erudite ecclesiastic. After giving a very ancient catalogue of the manuscripts deposited in the monastery, and congratulating Europe on the preservation, through his means, of much learning that might have otherwise been altogether lost, he exclaims, "Nil mirum si Dungallus Scotus singulari amore in locum sacrum ac celebratissimum afficeretur, et bene de illo meritus fuerit. Gratiae quoque Dungallo, aliisque Magne Britanniae viris, qui, manuscriptorum codicum suppellectilem in Italia auxere."

In thus dwelling on the succession and accomplishments of this series of great and good men, we may at first sight appear to be wandering from the subject of material and monumental antiquity; but a little deeper examination will shew, that it is impossible to be enabled to affix a date to manuscript, relic, church, or round tower, without tracing, as far as possible, the nature and condition of those minds through the direct influence of which they have most probably been called into existence. The fact is, that while every variety of decorative process practised by the ancient Irish, and every species of ornamentation, whether applied to stone, vellum, enamel, or metal-work, exhibit highly original and strictly local peculiarities, it would be impossible, with any shew of reason, to set up a claim to a reputation for precedence in science and art, at so early a period, unless history assisted our researches and conclusions, by demonstrating, beyond a shadow of doubt, the pre-eminence of their intellectual capacity,—the probability that mind, taste, and enthusiasm were working well together, and that cultivation and refinement by education had created aspirations for beauty, which a great improvement in her material embodiment could alone satisfy.

The noble and most instructive corollary that concludes every chapter in the history of art teaches and assures us, that every great improvement, every forward movement on her part, has been, and must ever be, preceded by a corresponding activity and kindling energy of head or heart, developed outwardly, either through more earnest depth of thought and study, or more animated love for, and faith in, all that is pure, and morally or intellectually beautiful.

To apply this lesson, then, to the case in point;—in *Irish Architecture* we find, from a period probably as early as the seventh century, a remarkably developed style of ornament pervading their monuments of every kind. The richly sculptured crosses at Monasterboice present us with carving, both of figures and conventional detail, more perfect than was probably executed in any other country at the same time. The round towers at Timahoe and Kildare display an elaborate system of decoration; and, as Mr. Wakeman tells us, in speaking of the generation of churches which succeeded the primitive edifices to which we have already alluded, "as the style advanced, the sides of the doorways became cut into a series of recesses, the angles of which were slightly rounded off. The addition of a slight moulding, at first a mere incision, would seem to have suggested pillars. Cheoron and other decorations, which in England are supposed to indicate the *Norman period*, are commonly found, but they are generally simple lines cut upon the face and soffit of the arch. Pediments now appear, and the various mouldings and other details of doorways and other openings become rich and striking, and, in some respects, bear considerable analogy to true Norman work. The capitals frequently represent human heads, the hair of which is interlaced with snake-like animals." To the truth of this descrip-

tion, the beautifully sharply cut details of the churches of Killeslin, Rahin near Tullamore, St. Fineen at Clonmacnoise, of Killaloe, and Freshford, bear ample testimony.

In Irish palaeography, from the sixth century downward, we find convincing evidence of the possession, by the ancient scribes, of a highly original and eccentric style of calligraphy. In the splendid Book of Kells, the most elaborate MS. of its period existing, are ornaments of the most singular degree of elaboration, executed by the marvellously unerring and delicate hand of the great St. Columbkille.

Led to his conclusion chiefly by a most careful examination of the illuminated books, Mr. Westwood asserts with, we believe, perfect truth, that

"At a period when the fine arts may be said to have been almost extinct in Italy and other parts of the continent—namely, from the sixth to the end of the eighth century—a style of art had been established and cultivated in Ireland absolutely distinct from that of all other parts of the civilised world. There is abundant evidence to prove that in the sixth and seventh centuries, the art of ornamenting manuscripts of the sacred Scriptures, and especially of the Gospels, had attained a perfection in Ireland almost marvellous, and which, in after ages, was adopted and imitated by the continental schools visited by the Irish missionaries. The chief peculiarities of this school consist in the illumination of the first page of each of the sacred books, the letters of the first few words, and more especially the initial, being represented of a very large size, and highly ornamented in patterns of the most intricate design, with marginal rows of red dots; the classical acanthus being never represented. The principles of these most elaborate ornaments are, however, but few in number, and may be reduced to the four following:—1st. One or more narrow ribbons diagonally but symmetrically interlaced, forming an endless variety of patterns. 2d. One, two, or three slender spiral lines, coiling one within another till they meet in the centre of the circle, their opposite ends going off to other circles. 3d. A vast variety of lacertine animals and birds, hideously attenuated, and coiled one within another, with their tails, tongues, and top-knots forming long narrow ribbons irregularly interlaced. 4th. A series of diagonal lines, forming various kinds of Chinese-like patterns. These ornaments are generally introduced into small compartments, a number of which are arranged so as to form the large initial letters, and borders, or tessellated pages, with which the finest manuscripts were decorated."

In the mechanical manipulation of the sacred vessels and ornaments, as well as the fibulae and articles of personal use and adornment, we trace the same marked ability and characteristics. Several usages peculiar to Ireland tended much to foster the metallurgic arts, and the abundance of pure gold and silver found at the remotest periods in the island, provided materials which were comparatively wanting in other countries.

One of the customs common in the earliest ages of the Irish Church, that, namely, of enclosing the copies of the Gospels or Psalms which had belonged to or been transcribed by deceased saints, in precious "cum-dachs" or coverings, led to the formation of most elaborate works of *repoussage* and filigree. That extremely interesting relic, the Caah, as it had been called for ages, was opened by Sir William Betham, who has published an interesting account of the exciting moment when the mystery attaching to this long-cherished talisman of the O'Donnell family was unfolded, and the curious fact ascertained, that the elaborately ornamented double case contained the autograph psalter of St. Columba or Columbkille. Of all these precious relics the "*Domnach Airgid*," or copy of the Gospels traditionally related to have been given by St. Patrick to Mac Carthen, the first Bishop of Clogher, appears to be the most ancient. Dr. Petrie has, in a short though most interesting article, published in the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, completely illustrated its various details. He describes it as having been made of "three distinct covers," of which the first or inner one is of wood, yew; the second, or middle one, of copper plated with silver, the third, or outer one, plated with gold. "In the comparative ages of these several covers," he says, "there is obviously a great difference. The first may probably be coeval with the manuscript which it was intended to preserve; the second, in the style of its scroll, or interlaced ornament, indicates a period between the sixth and twelfth centuries; whilst the figures

in relief, the ornaments, and the letters on the third or outer cover leave no doubt of its being the work of the fourteenth century." Of all these shrines (for as such they invariably served) the most peculiar in the method of its execution is the very curious cumdach of St. Maidoc or Aida, the first Bishop of Ferns. The extraordinarily minute mosaic, resembling that of some of the Egyptian amulets, which makes up the imitation gems that decorate it, is very singular. Ornaments of a somewhat similar kind adorn the celebrated Cross of Cong, a specimen of a small portion of the beaten and chased silver-work of which we gave in our last number.

This cross is the most superb relic of ancient Irish skill that has been preserved to us; and, with the shrine of St. Maidoc, and some of the beautiful hand-bells possessed by Dr. Petrie, convince us that the artificers, up to the year 1000, were more accomplished in Ireland than in any other country, except Byzantium.

The number of coloured glass beads and striated amulets, evidencing the highest antiquity, which have been found in various parts of the island; the enamel pastes which may be frequently observed attached, on the *champ levé* plan, to the metal ground of the *fibulae*, and other personal ornaments; the imitation gems and amber, and the remarkable little glass mosaics to which we have alluded,—prove that, in almost every process connected with vitrification, the Irish had acquired not only most of the knowledge possessed by other people at cotemporary periods, but, in addition to that, many original practices unknown to any other country of Europe.

The curious satchels, in which the precious cumdachs were wont to be conveyed from place to place for certain important purposes, demonstrate the Irish acquaintance with the ancient art of preparing "*cuir bouilli*," and of cutting and ornamenting leather in the most elaborate manner. Dr. Petrie has engraved several beautiful specimens; and an inspection of the cover for the celebrated Book of Armagh, preserved in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, must fully satisfy the most sceptical. The delicate damascening, or metal-inlaying, that adorns some of the curious hand-bells, so highly venerated by the Milesians, prove their perfect knowledge and practice of this most difficult variety of handicraft.

We have thus endeavoured to run through, though necessarily with haste, a few of the arts in which existing monuments demonstrate the fact that the ancient Irish pre-eminently excelled; and are brought to the interesting question, How far were they indigenous? how far exotic? It is in answering this question that the historic evidence of the genius of such men as St. Columbkille, St. Columbanus, St. Gall, St. Kilian, and

St. Cummian, assumes its real importance. It bears testimony that her schools needed no masters from abroad; it tells us that her saints were scholars and philosophers, and asserts that they were for several centuries the self-elected intellectual teachers of Europe. In Germany, Italy, and England, the Irish monastic institutions of St. Gall, of Bobbio, and of Glastonbury, gave to the world such men as Dunstan, Aldhelm, Tutilo, and many others, whose technical skill has grown into a proverb; and connecting the intellectual development of their minds with the natural corresponding movement of the fine and liberal arts, we cannot but feel ourselves justified in asserting, that the claims of Ireland to a very high position in the history of art, as the creator and disseminator of many interesting practices, and yet more as the recipient and preserver of much curious and recondite Celtic tradition, more particularly touching the metallic and vitreous arts, have, up to the present time, been scarcely sufficiently insisted upon, and that she has not yet received her meed of glory as the shining light of the world of northern art, from the fifth to at least the beginning of the eighth century.

The memory of these ages has dwelt so strongly on us while writing this notice, that it has left us no room for our promised remarks on the subject of the round towers, no limits for a speculation or two on the rock of Cashel and its interesting ruins, and no space for a sketch of the subsequent declension of native art, and the introduction and career of the styles generally known as early English, decorated, &c. We can only hope some day to return to our subject, and trust that the few remarks we have made may induce some who are not previously interested in the subject, to take kindly to the study and preservation of the existing monuments, the best records and evidence of the peculiarities, state, and condition of ancient Irish civilisation.

We know not that we can conclude this our notice of his book better than by quoting Mr. Wakeman's last remark, that a few hours' examination of the truly national collection of antiquities preserved in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy alone, will afford an inquirer a more correct knowledge of the taste, habits, and manufacturing skill of the ancient Irish, than may be obtained by mere reading, even should he devote years instead of days to the attainment of his object. The subjoined woodcut is an illustration of the present condition of too many of the few remains of ancient Irish architecture which still exist, even in ruins. It was sketched from a picturesque bit of an interesting group in the neighbourhood of Trim, in the county of Louth, which has been well illustrated by the Rev. Mr. Butler.



Journal of the Week.

June 16.

In the House of Commons last night, in reply to a question from Mr. Banks, Lord John Russell stated that the departure of the Spanish Ambassador from this country had not taken place in consequence of his being recalled by his own Government, but was the result of some communications which had passed between him and Lord Palmerston relative to the recent dismissal of Sir H. Bulwer from Madrid. It was the intention of her Majesty's Government to place on the table both those communications and the correspondence which had immediately preceded Sir H. Bulwer's departure from Madrid.

Mr. Stafford then moved for the issue of a new writ for the borough of Leicester, in consequence of the voidance of the election by which Sir Joshua Walsley and Mr. Gardner had been appointed to serve for that borough.

After a long conversation, Mr. Stafford's motion was lost by a very large majority.

—Yesterday a meeting of gentlemen connected with the West-India interest was held at Bristol, to consider the sugar question and the present state of labour in the British Colonies. Mr. Pountney, the Mayor, presided. The resolutions were carried unanimously. The first two were as follows: Moved by Dr. Green, and seconded by Mr. Lyon:—"1. That whilst this meeting acknowledges that a cheap and ample supply of sugar is a great and desirable boon to the country, it regrets that from authentic documents submitted to the Legislature there is great reason to fear that such supply arises from the admission of sugar produced by slave-labour, an admission which this meeting is convinced was never contemplated when the country agreed to pay 20,000,000*l.* to extirpate slavery." Moved by Mr. Mills, sen., and seconded by Mr. Cave:—"2. That this meeting is convinced that free labour is preferable to compulsory or slave-labour, and that if proper facilities were given to voluntary immigration of labourers, the said colonies would be preserved from the ruin which threatens them, and the abominable traffic of purchasing slaves, and the evils arising from a clandestine and forcible transit of them, be avoided." The next demanded an amendment of the Act of 1846.

A meeting was also held at Leeds, convened by the Mayor in consequence of a requisition signed by 1500 persons purporting to be electors, to take into consideration Mr. Hume's proposed motion for Parliamentary reform. Great pains were taken to obtain the co-operation of the Chartists, and placards were stuck up inviting working men to attend. The Chartists, however, do not appear to have been conciliated, and accordingly counter-placards were stuck up cautioning the working men to be on their guard and to look after their own interests. The meeting consisted of about 3000 persons, over whom the Mayor presided. A petition to the House of Commons in favour of household suffrage was agreed to.

—The Spanish Minister, M. Isturitz, left London last evening for Madrid. The Count de Mirasol, after making overtures through the Spanish Minister, did not gain any recognition from Viscount Palmerston or the Government, and after several ineffectual advances on behalf of his Government, the Count left London last Friday evening for Spain.

—In the Paris debate of Tuesday M. Ledru-Rollin made an animated speech in favour of the proposition to continue the act of banishment against Prince Louis Napoleon. M. Jules Favre replied in a warm but brief address. M. Buchez proposed that the debate be adjourned, which was rejected; and ultimately the question was put upon the admission of Prince Louis Napoleon as a representative of the people, and was carried by a great majority. It was subsequently added, "provided that he prove himself a French citizen." Thiers, Odillon Barrot, Duvergier de Hauranne, Berryer, and almost all the ex-deputies, voted for the admission of Prince Louis. The ultra-Republicans almost all voted for him.

The Committee of Finance examined on Tuesday the representatives elected by the various railroad companies to afford explanations to the sub-committee appointed to consider the question of the purchase of the railroads by the State. They subsequently commenced the discussion on the financial plan presented to the National Assembly by M. Duclerc, the Minister of Finance. The Committee adjourned, after having appointed a sub-committee to prepare a report on the entire plan.

During the afternoon of Tuesday some attempts were made to raise a barricade in the Rue Monthabor, but the rioters were speedily dispersed by a charge of Light Infantry. A sudden rush was made by a tumultuous mob to gain possession of the Treasury, but the guard retired within the court-yard, closed the gates, and set the people at defiance. In the Rue de Rivoli a single street-keeper named Savary was attacked by a furious band, armed with knives and pistols, shouting "*Vive Louis Napoleon!*" "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Savary, although wounded in the head and hand, drew his sabre, set his back against one

of the pillars of the colonnade, and defended himself bravely until he was rescued by a detachment of the National Guard.

—The *Piedmontese Gazette* of the 10th instant publishes a document of the Provisional Government of Lombardy, dated Milan, the 8th, declaring that the nation having pronounced on its fate in the full and free exercise of its sovereignty, it had published on that day, in presence of the Archbishop and the chiefs of the magistracy, the National Guard and the army, the result of the ballots opened throughout Lombardy on the question of its annexation to Piedmont, from which it appeared that 561,002 citizens recommended its immediate incorporation and 681 its adjournment. "The Lombard people," it says, "has consequently decided the proposition by an almost unanimous vote."

June 17.

In the House of Lords last night Lord Fitzhardinge presented two petitions—one from Mr. Webster, of the Haymarket Theatre, and from the performers at the Lyceum—complaining of the patronage bestowed upon foreign theatrical entertainments. The petitions were ill received by the House.

Lord Stanley then called the attention of the House to the present state of the laws regulating the importation of foreign corn. He did not mean to renew the discussion as to the policy of giving protection to the agricultural interest, but wished the Government to continue the present duties for six months for the sake of the revenue.

Lord Grey, on the part of the Ministry, declined entertaining the proposition.

In the House of Commons Lord John Russell made his promised statement with respect to the West Indies. After giving the House a general view of the past course of our legislation with respect to the West Indies, he stated that in his opinion the distress which now prevailed among them, taken by itself, resembled many other cases of distress which had occurred there during the existence of protection and monopoly. What the House, therefore, had to consider was the general course of legislation, rather than the distress of the present year. He avowed that he did not think it fair to the British consumer to impose a differential duty of 10*s.* on sugar to last for ten years or more, for the purpose of reviving the industry and prosperity of the West Indies. He therefore looked in another direction; he looked to a large consumption of sugar for the means of modifying the act of 1846. He proposed that the duty on colonial sugar should be reduced after the 5th of July in the present year to 13*s.*, and should be reduced subsequently a shilling every succeeding year until it reached 10*s.* He likewise proposed that the duty on ordinary foreign muscovado sugar should remain as fixed by the act of 1846; but he proposed a new distinctive duty for foreign brown clayed sugar: from the 5th of July, 1848, to the 5th of July, 1849, the duty would remain at 20*s.*, and it would then be reduced by 1*s.* 6*d.* a year until it reached a 10*s.* duty in July 1854. He proposed also to make an advance to the colonies on the security of the colonial revenues for the purpose of meeting the expense of immigration; or rather, he should say, that he proposed to guarantee a colonial loan not exceeding 500,000*l.*, in addition to 160,000*l.* which the House had already guaranteed this session.

The noble Lord's measure called forth a vast deal of animadversion, and scarcely any support. The House, however, agreed to go into committee on it on the following Monday.

The Navigation Laws' discussion was then proceeded with, the opponents of the bill talking against time to prevent progress. Mr. Hudson performed a distinguished part in it, and created great amusement by defending himself from a charge preferred against him by Mr. Hume of coming into the House every night "flushed, I will not say with champagne." In his retort, Mr. Hudson twitted Mr. Hume, as a gentleman who never went out to a dinner himself, or gave a dinner to his friends. A quarrel was then got up between Mr. Hudson and Mr. Cobden, but was afterwards amicably settled.

—The *Limerick Reporter* having said that Father Kenyon had been reinstated as parish-priest of Templeberry by his Bishop, though he had made no apology for his speech, Bishop Kennedy has addressed the following letter to the *Evening Post*:

My dear Sir,—You will oblige me by publishing in the next number of the *Evening Post* the following letter of Rev. Mr. Kenyon, on the receipt of which I have reinstated him in the administration of Templeberry.

Your faithful servant,

+ P. KENNEDY.

"My Lord,—My speech at the public meeting last held in Templeberry contains, as reported in the *Tipperary Vindicator*, sentences from which meanings at variance with my own sentiments and with sound morality may be deduced. Whether I spoke those sentences on that occasion, I do not now remember; but if I did, I must regret that even in the heat of speaking I suffered myself to be betrayed into expressions which could mislead into error any portion of my auditors. I trust that

your Lordship will accept this acknowledgment as an atonement for my offence, and am,

"Your very humble servant,
"Right Rev. Dr. Kennedy." "JOHN KENYON."

— The electric telegraph brings news that a most serious demonstration was apprehended in Paris yesterday in favour of Prince Louis Bonaparte. All the troops were confined to the barracks, and held ready to act at a moment's notice. The National Guard were privately summoned to hold themselves in readiness. This intense feeling of alarm arose out of a letter the Prince had addressed to the President of the National Assembly, which was read late on Thursday evening in that Assembly, and which provoked the utmost indignation. The debate upon it was adjourned to yesterday. It was expected that the banishment of the Prince would be pronounced, and it was feared that an insurrection in his favour would follow.

Abd-el-Kader, whose health has suffered severely by the vicissitudes he endured during late years in Africa, has demanded permission of the French Government to proceed to Vichy with his family, for the benefit of the waters.

— The announcement of the fall of Peschiera was received with great satisfaction by the people of Rome. A general illumination took place the same evening.

Gioberti is in Rome, and has published a sensible and religiously-written address to the people. Professor Orioli, who had a son among the deserters, has written a defence of them; they call themselves "those who have retired."

— One thousand Sicilians have entered Calabria, the vanguard of an army of 6000 men. Patenza, Cosenza, and Teramo have constituted Provisional Governments, thus virtually deposing King Ferdinand.

— The Frankfort German Committee are going to spend the six million dollars voted for the foundation of a German navy, in building twelve frigates, corvettes, and steamers, and 200 gun-boats.

— M. Olozaga, the distinguished Progresista deputy, has succeeded in effecting his escape from Spain. He arrived in London yesterday, having taken refuge on board the *Trafalgar*, when that ship touched at Lisbon.

June 19.

The Queen held a Court on Saturday afternoon at Buckingham Palace for the reception on the throne of addresses from the Convocation of the Clergy, from the University of Oxford, and from the University of Cambridge.

— On Saturday the Lord Mayor gave a dinner to Lord John Russell and the rest of the Government at the Mansion House. The Premier spoke strongly in favour of the preservation of the peace of Europe.

— The Royal Caledonian Asylum celebrated its thirty-first Anniversary on the same day at the Freemasons' Tavern. The society is for the education of the children of Scottish soldiers and sailors.

— Louis Napoleon's letter, alluded to in yesterday's telegraphic despatch, is as follows:

"London, June 14.

"Monsieur le President,—I was about to set off in order to appear at my post, when I learnt that my election had been made the pretext for disorders and disastrous errors. I repudiate all the suspicions of which I have been the object, for I seek not for power. If the people impose duties on me I shall know how to fulfil them, but I disavow all those who have made use of my name to excite disturbance. The name which I bear is, above all, a symbol of order, of nationality, of glory, and, rather than be the subject of disorder and of anarchy, I should prefer remaining in exile. I send you enclosed a copy of the letter of thanks which I have addressed to all the electors who have given me their votes. Have the goodness, Monsieur le President, to communicate this letter to my colleagues, and receive, &c.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE."

The utmost agitation followed the reading of this letter. A number of representatives quitted their places, and animated groups were formed in every part of the Chamber. Several deputies rushed together to the tribune. The Minister of War said, he should not express all his thoughts, but he could not help remarking that in the document just read, and which had become a matter of history, the word "Republic" was not even mentioned. He pointed out this omission to the notice of the Assembly and of the whole country. (Loud cries of "*Vive la République!*")

A stormy debate followed, which was thus concluded by the President: "Gentlemen, in the midst of the various propositions which have been made, it appears to me that it is for the dignity of the Assembly not to make any alteration in the order of its deliberations. Let us not impart more importance than it deserves to an accident which, after all, may not be as grave as it at first appears. Let us maintain our order of the day.

Besides, we shall have this evening a *réunion de famille*, at which we can speak of this matter."

The Minister of Finance: "Be certain, citizens, that the Republic will not perish because you postpone your deliberation." (Loud approbation. The whole Assembly rose, and shouted "*Vive la République!*")

Louis Napoleon has resigned his seat in the Assembly.

The Committee on Ecclesiastical Affairs of the Assembly had recommended the maintenance of the budget of the clergy, and had adjourned to Monday to examine the question relative to the mode of appointing Bishops and parish priests.

The following fact will give an idea of the losses sustained by the total cessation of the sale of articles of luxury in Paris at present. More than twenty manufacturing jewellers have determined to close their warehouses, and to retire to the country until matters shall improve. More than three-fourths of these manufacturers have not disposed of the smallest article of their trade since the 24th of February last.

— The *Patria* quotes a letter from Rome, expressing fears for the tranquillity of the city. Cardinal Ciacchi having refused to accept the Presidency of the Council of Ministers, Cardinal Ceroni had been elevated to that post. Monsignor Emmanuel Muzzarelli had been appointed President, and Prince Pietro Odescalchi and Count Giuseppe Pasolini, Vice-Presidents, of the Upper Council.

— It is announced, that the result of the votes of the inhabitants of the city and province of Vicenza was—in favour of an immediate union with the Sardinian dominions, 56,328; for its adjournment, 520. It is likewise stated that Radetsky had marched from Verona to Vicenza with 20,000 men, leaving only 6000 men in the former place; and it was expected that the Sardinian army would at once attack that fortress.

— Berlin has been the scene of a tumult, shewing the utter prostration of the executive power. A mob of the people have, unresisted, entered the arsenal, and plundered it of all the arms. When all was over, the military and civic guard did their duty in making some arrests.

— An insurrection appears to have broken out in Prague on the 12th inst., in consequence of Prince Windischgrätz refusing to give cannon and ammunition to the students. The soldiery were masters of the town after a smart struggle.

June 20.

In the House of Lords yesterday, Lord Montague moved certain resolutions condemnatory of an order issued by the Irish Poor Law Commissioners, which completely set aside the clause of the last Irish Poor Law Act prohibiting grants of relief to any party holding land exceeding a quarter of an acre.

Lord Lansdowne said that the only explanation he could give of the order was, that it was issued in haste to prevent the destruction of life by starvation.

The resolutions were withdrawn.

In the House of Commons, after an ineffectual attempt made by Mr. Cardwell to postpone the consideration of the Government resolutions, and to induce the Government to pass a short act to continue for a month longer the existing sugar duties, and after a speech from Mr. Hawes in vindication of Earl Grey and himself from the accusation of Lord G. Bentinck that they had intentionally withheld from the West India Committee despatches which arrived from Jamaica on the 27th of March last, Lord J. Russell moved the reading of the order of the day for the House resolving itself into a committee of the whole House on the sugar duties.

Mr. Ellice rose to obtain from her Majesty's Government some further explanation as to the future condition of the West India colonies. He considered the resolutions of Lord John Russell as an insidious device, either to do nothing, or to alter the principle on which the act of 1846 was founded. He thought that it would be better to reduce the sugar duties at once to 10s. than to adopt the scheme of Government.

Sir J. Pakington then moved as a formal amendment, "That this House, considering the evidence taken during the present session before a select committee, is of opinion that the remedies proposed by Her Majesty's Government for the great distress of the sugar-growing possessions of the Crown, and which that committee has said will require the immediate application of relief, will neither effect that object nor check the stimulus to the slave-trade which the diminution of the cultivation of sugar in those colonies has inevitably occasioned."

Sir E. Buxton seconded the amendment, though he did not approach the question altogether with the same views as Sir J. Pakington. The true policy of this country was, he thought, to exclude from its shores all slave-labour sugar; and to admit from every country, without any restriction, sugar the produce of free labour. He was anxious to let the people of England have sugar at a low price; but he firmly believed that if they were informed that they could not have low-priced sugar without the destruction of the man who made it, they would reject it

with abhorrence, and would gladly give a higher price for the sugar raised by the freeman.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer had listened to the speeches of the mover and seconder of the amendment with great attention, in the vain hope that he should find, in some portion of them, a substitute for the measure of the Government which they condemned; but with all his desire to dive into the meaning of Sir J. Pakington's amendment, he could not make out either what he would do for the relief of the West India planter, or what protection he would grant to his sugar. Sir E. Buxton was somewhat more explicit, for he proposed the perpetual exclusion of slave-labour sugar; but, unfortunately, Parliament had already decided against that proposition.

Mr. Hume said he rose as a free-trader, to shew that free-trade had nothing to do with the question then before the House. Free-trade could only operate where the parties were in like circumstances, and where both could apply the same objects to the same ends. Now, it was the opinion of Mr. Deacon Hume, that if the British West Indies could be placed on a footing of equality with Cuba or Porto Rico, they would be able to compete with them successfully; and that gentleman entertained that opinion with great confidence, because, up to a recent period, this country had been the great mart for the sugar, coffee, and rum of the West Indies. "But," said he, "when you abolished slavery, you deprived the British planter of the labour which he enjoyed before in common with the Spanish colonist; and until you have again placed him on a level with his rivals in that respect, you cannot call upon him to meet the competition of free-trade."

The debate was adjourned till Thursday.

—The Duke of Wellington gave his usual Waterloo banquet yesterday at Apsley House.

—Father Kenyon has written to the *Limerick Reporter* the following letter:

"Thomondgate, June 16.

"My dear Sir,—In the last number of the *Limerick Chronicle* it is reported that I am understood to have retired from political strife. If this report were true, it would be, I admit, of very trifling importance; yet it may be just worth the trouble of contradicting, as it is false. I have not retired from political strife, and I believe that no honest Irishman, who is master of his own actions, ought to retire from it till his country is delivered from her plagues. The plagues of Ireland, furthermore, I believe to consist principally in two calamities—her subjection to a cruel and greedy Government of foreigners, and the prevalence within her own borders of a system of trickery and treachery, of tyranny and tergiversation, unexampled in all past history, and known at present throughout the world as balmy O'Connellism. These twin monsters I shall continue to combat with all the weapons and appliances of legitimate warfare, until they are utterly exterminated—provided always, that this utter extermination can be accomplished within six or eight calendar months from this date; or, at least, that it shall appear within that period to be in a process of completion as palpable as the present ruin of our national resources. But if, at the expiration of those critical months, foreign sway and native humbug shall continue to flourish on this devoted soil; if English law, and Indian meal, and fever-sheds remain to us in lieu of human food, decent habitations, and national freedom; if dignitaries of the Church blow hot and cold within a space of three days (like the Bishop of Meath), as a matter of course, and after the fashion of the country, without exciting the least surprise in one; and if the independent national journalists (like the *Freeman*) deliberately declare that the whole thing is settled according as such dignitaries blow; if project still succeeds project like the everlasting motion of the tide; if dreams are still marketable, and the cant of union continue to be as highly prized as the possession of virtue; above all, if John O'Connell be still encouraged by a weekly stipend and letters from the highest quarters to rattle his father's bones for our amusement; if we go on renewing his bills upon our gullibility, and lend him our ears as often and as long as he may need them;—then I, for my part, will abandon politics, and occupy my future leisure in cynical writings and amassing coins.—I am, dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

"JOHN KENYON, V.P., Templeberry."

—In the French National Assembly, on Saturday, M. Flocon, Minister of Commerce, explained his system for obviating the existing monetary crisis. He attributed the present scarcity of money to the extraordinary speculations in which the nation had engaged previous to the Revolution, and to the too great numbers of the rural population who had flocked into the cities. He added, that the first care of the Government would be to establish professional schools of agriculture throughout France. It was intended subsequently to found agricultural colonies in the departments.

The Executive Government received a telegraphic des-

patch on Saturday, announcing that serious disturbances had occurred at Nismes.

Among the Paris papers of Sunday appear the following new journals: *Le Bonapartiste*, *Napoléon Républicain*, *Le Napoléonien*, *Le Petit Caporal*, *La Constitution Bonapartienne*, *La Redingote Grise*, &c.

—The Austrian papers publish an address of the Emperor to the inhabitants of Lower Austria. After adverting to the reception he met with in Tyrol, he says, that the loyalty and love of his other provinces, too, have been tested on this occasion. The gratitude of the people for the free institutions granted to them has fully convinced him of their high value, and he promises steadfastly to adhere to them. But to develop these institutions, and to put them into general practice, it is necessary, he says, that a Constituent Assembly should meet at Vienna, where he himself intends to open the proceedings. The address is dated Innsbruck, 6th of June.

—Letters from Naples announce the landing of 1500 Sicilians at Reggio, and the entire defeat of the Royal troops. Almost all the provinces of the kingdom refuse to make fresh elections, protesting in favour of the legality of those already made, and the illegality of the decree by which they have been annulled.

—Vicenza surrendered to the Austrians on the 11th by capitulation. The troops composing the garrison marched out with the honours of war, and were permitted to retain their arms on condition that they should not serve against the Austrians for three months.

June 21.

In the House of Commons, after a vast number of petitions had been presented in favour of Mr. Hume's scheme of Parliamentary Reform, Mr. Hume brought under the consideration of the House the following resolution:—"That this House, as at present constituted, does not fairly represent the population, the property, or the industry of the country, whence has arisen great and increasing discontent in the minds of a large portion of the people; and it is therefore expedient, with a view to amend the national representation, that the elective franchise shall be so extended as to include all householders; that votes shall be taken by ballot; that the duration of Parliaments shall not exceed three years; and that the apportionment of members to population shall be made more equal." After alluding to the number of petitions just presented, he contended that Parliament, as reformed in 1832, had failed to answer the purposes for which it was reformed. He should be acting unfairly if he did not admit that that reform had done much to preserve the peace of the country; nay, he verily believed that if reform had not then been carried, we should now be in the list of those countries of Europe which were passing through the ordeal of revolution. It was a maxim of the constitution, that taxation and representation should go together. All who paid taxes and did not enjoy the franchise were deprived of their rights, and differed little from slaves. Parliament should be framed on the broadest possible basis. At present five out of every six male adults in the country had no share in its representation. Out of six millions of adult males only one million were registered electors; and as many of them were registered more than once, the real number of electors was not more than 800,000 or 850,000 at most. Five millions of adults were therefore deprived of the rights to which they were entitled, and were of course, to a certain extent, discontented.

Lord John Russell opposed the resolution. He said that if Mr. Hume's assertion were correct, that every man who contributed to the taxes had a right to a vote, there was an end to the question, and there was no occasion for the restrictions and qualifications with which Mr. Hume was now going to encumber that pretended right. If every man had that right, what did Mr. Hume mean by now restricting it to all householders? Even under his definition of household suffrage some two or three millions of adult males would be excluded from the representation, and thus the universal content which he wished to introduce would not be obtained. He differed from Mr. Hume as to the basis of his proposed representation. That which every man of full age had a right to was, the best possible government and the best representative system which the Legislature could form. If universal suffrage would give the best representative system, the best laws, and the best government, the people would have a right to it; but if universal suffrage would not give this, then it was mere idle pedantry to say that every man had a right to a vote, and was entitled to share in legislation. In considering this question, he could not but recollect that ours was a mixed constitution, that we had a Sovereign and a House of Lords, and that they were not evils to be endured, but institutions to be proud of. He then proceeded to defend the Reform Bill, by shewing that since it was passed the House had not been the mere servant of the aristocracy, or the bigoted opponent of all plans of amelioration. No one who considered the changes which had been made since 1832 could say that the House of Commons had

not responded quickly and readily to public opinion. He then recapitulated the great measures which it had passed in that interval, as, for instance, the abolition of slavery, the opening of the China trade, the abolition of tithes, the remedy of the grievances of Dissenters as to births and marriages, the reform of the municipal corporations in England, Scotland, and Ireland, the alterations in the tariff, the alterations in the postage system, and, lastly, the total repeal of the Corn Laws, which proved that the House was not under the rule and dominion of the landed aristocracy. Thinking as he did that the Reform Act was an improvement on our old representative system, still he had always been of opinion that it would admit of improvement from time to time. The great defect in the Reform Bill appeared to him to be, that it had reduced too much the variety of the right of voting under the old constitution. He thought that by some variety of suffrage, such as by making the freemen the representatives of our industrial classes in the large towns, or by establishing the accumulations in the savings banks, or by some other mode of the same kind, we might extend the franchise without injuring the basis of our representation. He was, therefore, not disposed to say that you could not beneficially alter or improve the Reform Act; but he was not prepared at present to introduce bills to carry the amendments which he had mentioned into effect.

Mr. Fox said he should have been better pleased if Lord J. Russell had declared more explicitly the extent of the reforms which he had in contemplation, and the results which he anticipated from them. He also regretted that Lord J. Russell had scarcely touched on the question whether individual classes were properly represented in that house. Now, the question then before the House was this: Are the working classes of this country represented as they ought to be; and, if they are not, can they be so represented without injury to our institutions?

Mr. Disraeli said he should shew the fallacy of the complaints on which this new Reform movement was based, and which were, the increase in our public expenditure and the increase in our taxation. In the year 1828 our taxation was 49,500,000*l.*; at present it was only 47,000,000*l.*, and that, too, so redistributed as to work in every case in favour of the working classes. Our expenditure had been stationary, and therefore the popular plea for this change was not true. The present movement was decidedly a middle class movement, and was intended to aggravate the power of that body, which had told the country that the present Government was a middle class Government, and that it should work out middle class objects.

The debate was adjourned.

—On Monday the Reformers and Chartists of Nottingham held a united meeting in the Exchange rooms, to form a branch association to the "People's League," in order to obtain universal suffrage. The chair was taken by Lord Ranelcliff, who, in opening the proceedings, said he had intended to have remained in private life, but had been induced by the words spoken in Parliament by Lord J. Russell as to the indifference amongst the middle classes to reform, to come forward and deny the Minister's assertion.

—By the last accounts from Rome, we learn that after the declaration of principles announced to the Roman Chambers on the first day of their sitting, by which the difficult problem of the separation of the spiritual from the temporal power was said to be solved, the deputy Bonaparte asked whether the declaration read to the Assembly was merely the expression of the Ministry, or whether it was the expression of His Holiness wishing to recognise the sacred and imprescriptible rights of the people. Signor Mamiani, the Minister of the Interior, replied as follows: "The programme is the introduction of the entire Ministry, all the members of which have participated in its composition; I consequently proclaim loudly that the declaration is the unanimous expression of the Ministry, ratified and approved entirely by His Holiness."

—The expected attack of the Piedmontese on Verona did not take place, though 50,000 men were brought within three miles of the city, in consequence of its being ascertained that Radetzky, after the capitulation of Vicenza, had returned with 15,000 men.

—A serious insurrection has taken place in Servia. The insurgents entered the Hungarian territory and burned some steam-boats. It is added that the Greek Archbishop of Carlowitz has urged the Wallachians to revolt against the Hungarians.

—An engagement has taken place on the Stelvio, between the Austrian and Lombard troops, in which there were several killed and wounded on both sides.

—The intelligence from India gives the details of the murder of the two British officers at Moulton, the capital of the western district of the dominions of Lahore. Moulton was taken by Runjeet Singh in 1818, after a severe struggle. It

has long been remarkable as an emporium of merchandise, and is now the third city of the kingdom. The Governor of Moulton had for some time been considered to be disaffected towards the Sikh rule. He was desired to settle his accounts, and to pay up the arrears. This order he, having paid a visit to Lahore, contrived by intrigues to baffle. A successor was named to take his place, and two young officers, viz. Mr. Vans Agnew, of the Bengal Civil Service, and Lieutenant Anderson, of the Bombay Fusiliers, accompanied the newly-appointed Governor, Khan Singh, to Moulton. They left Lahore on the 5th of April, and reached their destination on the 18th of that month. They were well received by the old Governor, Dewan Moolraj, who shewed them the fort. A quarrel, however, was picked with some of their followers, and both of the Englishmen were wounded. Seeing themselves about to be massacred by treachery, they retreated with Khan Singh and their escort to a small fort outside the walled town of Moulton, where for 24 hours they considered themselves protected, but the troops from Moulton hastened to attack the fort. Lieutenant Anderson being severely wounded, was unable to rise from his bed; Mr. Vans Agnew shook hands with him and bade him an eternal adieu. He then prepared to defend himself, but his pistols had been tampered with; and as the crowd of soldiers, with which his escort had "fraternised," entered the room, he drew his sword and cut down the first assailant, but he was instantly shot, and his body, like that of his companion Lieutenant Anderson, and that of their apothecary, Mr. Wilkinson, hacked to pieces, and treated with every indignity. The new Governor, Khan Singh, was wounded, and made prisoner by the troops of Moulton.

—From Egypt we learn that Ibrahim Pasha is daily introducing new measures of economy in the administration of affairs, and his officers, from fear of his displeasure, exhibit the greatest activity in the execution of his orders, as several have found themselves suddenly displaced without any form or ceremony.

The greatest misery exists throughout the Delta. Most of the able-bodied of the inhabitants have been forcibly carried away, and in the villages scarcely any are now to be seen but the aged and the maimed.

June 22.

In the House of Commons yesterday, Mr. Stafford moved for a new writ for the borough of Cheltenham, reiterating his objections to the system now adopted of disfranchising boroughs piecemeal.

Sir G. Grey supported the issue of the writ, on the ground that there had been no special report from the committee against Cheltenham, as there had been against Leicester and Derby.

The issue of the writ was ordered by a majority of twelve.

Mr. H. Drummond then, after an elaborate disquisition on the state of landlord and tenant in Ireland, implored the House to allow the Tenant-at-will (Ireland) Bill to go into committee, in order that the Irish people might receive from its hands that justice and consideration which they could receive from no other—for they had none to help them save God and the Parliament.

Mr. S. Crawford gave Mr. H. Drummond credit for good intentions, but said that his bill would not be satisfactory to the people of Ireland.

After some discussion, Mr. H. Drummond declined to press his motion to a division.

The House then resolved itself into committee on the Parliamentary Electors Bill, which consists of only one clause, repealing the ratepaying clause of the Reform Act, which was carried by a majority of 59 over 47 voices; and the report was ordered to be received on Friday.

—A meeting was held yesterday morning at Willis's Rooms, for the purpose of forming a provident and benevolent fund, out of which dressmakers and milliners, contributing to the extent of one guinea per annum, may, in sickness or old age, be entitled to support. The meeting was very numerous and respectably attended. Lord Ashley presided, and was supported by the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, and other gentlemen. Subscriptions amounting to more than 1000*l.* were announced.

—In Ireland the organisation of the clubs is spreading far and near, noiselessly but rapidly. In the metropolis it is said to be perfect.

The *Evening Freeman* contains a letter from Lord Ffrench giving in his adhesion to the Irish League.

—There seems to be abroad in the provinces of France an impatience of what they deem the tyranny exercised by Paris, and a determination to put an end to it. This project has had most success in the south—four departments alone of which have already regimented 72,000 men. In Amiens, the opposite extremity of France, the principle has also made a considerable advance.

Letters from Bordeaux give an alarming account of the

state of public opinion in that city and throughout the department of the Gironde. The republicans complain that the additional tax of 45 per cent imposed by the Provisional Government has completely exasperated the mass of the people against the Republic.

The newly-formed Republican Guard, consisting of four squadrons of cavalry and 2200 infantry, was reviewed on Tuesday by the five members of the Executive Commission at the Luxembourg. After the review M. Arago addressed the corps in a brief speech, telling them that the Government reckoned upon them—the children of the barricades—to defeat the enemies of the Republic, under whatever mask they might conceal themselves. The address was responded to by unanimous cries of *Vive la République*.

—The *German Universal Gazette* of the 18th instant announces the bombardment of Prague by Prince Windischgrätz, who had retreated from the city with the garrison, and occupied the heights commanding it. Prague is described as a heap of ruins. In several streets not a house escaped the cannon balls. Several acts of atrocity have been committed. A National Guard who killed two students, was crucified, and his house was pillaged.

—The freedom of the negroes in the French West India islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe was proclaimed on the 23d and 27th ult. Some terrible outrages were committed by the blacks in the former island.

—From St. Domingo the accounts are lamentable in the extreme, representing that fine island as a prey to anarchy of the worst character.

—We learn from America that the Mexican Chamber of Deputies, on the evening of the 17th May, confirmed, by a vote of 51 to 35, the treaty of peace with the United States. No official accounts had been received to guarantee these satisfactory tidings, but little doubt appeared to be entertained of their accuracy.

—Dr. Whitman (an American missionary) and his wife, with nine other persons, have been massacred by the Cayuse Indians at Walla Walla, in the Oregon territory, the Indians believing the Doctor to be the cause of the great mortality which had occurred among them from fever and dysentery.

Miscellaneous.

THE ORDNANCE SURVEY OF THE METROPOLIS.—The area intended to be comprised in the metropolitan survey is something above 200 square miles, or nearly 130,000 acres; and the map is to be constructed on the very large scale (for a district of such an extent), of 60 inches to a mile, or 1 inch to 88 feet, which, when completed, will occupy about 900 sheets 3 feet by 2 feet, or about 5400 square feet of paper or copper. The London survey will be connected by its triangulation with the general survey of the country, and in its levelling with the one uniform datum plane to which the altitudes of the Ordnance 6-inch map are referred. By this means, when the map is complete, the relative level of any two points within the 8-mile radius of the metropolitan survey, or of any part of London, and any part of the north of England, may be seen at a glance by those who require and know how to look for the information.—*The Builder*.

A MAD ELEPHANT.—On Saturday last a painful feeling was excited in Liverpool by a report that the elephant Rajah, at the Zoological-gardens, had become mad, and had killed two men. The facts were these:—On Saturday morning, about 10 o'clock, Richard Howard, the keeper of the elephant, was in the den with Rajah, who, having in some way displeased his keeper, was struck by him. Rajah resented the blow, knocked the man down, and crushed him with one of his feet. A visitor immediately gave the alarm, but it was too late—poor Howard had ceased to live. After the melancholy accident the elephant betrayed no symptoms of restlessness. He was tractable and quiet as usual, and the rumour that he had gone mad was without foundation. It was, however, determined that the animal should be destroyed. Several medical men were consulted, with the view of poisoning him; and two ounces of prussic acid and twenty-five grains of aconite (monk's-hood) were administered in buns and treacle. For a few minutes Rajah betrayed symptoms of sickness, but he appeared soon after to recover his usual health and activity. After the lapse of three-quarters of an hour it was deemed advisable that he should be shot. A company of Rifles was sent from the barracks, twelve of whom fired at once, upon which he reeled, uttering at the same time a loud growl. Twelve others fired immediately after, and one of the most magnificent elephants in Europe, whose docility and intelligence had been the theme of admiration, was dead. He had been for about a dozen years in the possession of Mr. Atkins, who paid 800*l.* for him when but very young, and his value at the time he was shot must have considerably exceeded 1000*l.*

MOVING A HOUSE.—Within the last fortnight the Americans have been outdone in this kind of work, at Messrs. Ransome and May's, Orwell Foundry, Ipswich; where a brick-built house, two stories high, 26 feet by 18, has been moved a distance of 70 feet, and raised 2½ feet, without sustaining the slightest crack in the walls or ceilings, or even in the papering of the rooms. The removal was accomplished under the direction and superintendence of Mr. Worby, the manager of the works; and the *modus operandi* seems to have been this:—A series of holes, 6 inches square, was first made through the brickwork, close to the ground, at intervals of 3 feet, all round the house. Through these holes were inserted cantilevers, or pieces of timber about 4 feet long, and the earth, inside and out, having been cleared away, the ends were made to rest on blocks of wood; so that during the removal of the foundation, the superstructure would rest entirely on them. The next operation was to remove the foundation, and to lay in its place long pieces of timber 11 inches square; these had a coat of mortar laid on as a bed for the brickwork, and were then lifted up to the walls, forming a kind of framework, on which, the cantilevers and blocks being removed, the house stood as firmly as it did on its original foundation. The building was then raised to the required height, one side being elevated at a time, and a number of longitudinal timbers of great strength laid underneath, and continued along the ground as far as the new foundation. As a precautionary measure the sides of the house were bound in by means of stout planks run up at the angles, and fastened together with iron rods. The whole of this preliminary work occupied some time to complete, the workmen only turning to it when they had nothing else to engage them. The timbers along which the house was to slide having been well greased, three bottle-jack screws were brought to bear upon one end of the framework, and the process of locomotion commenced. The rate of travelling was about one foot in five minutes; but as a long delay occurred each time the screws were refixed and got into play, not more than 25 feet could be accomplished in a day. The house is now standing on its second foundation, none the worse for the experiment to which it has been subjected.—*Suffolk Chronicle*.

AGENTS FOR INDIA.

Calcutta: Colvin, Ansley, Cowie, and Co.; Rosario and Co.
Bombay: Woller and Co.; J. A. Briggs.
Madras: Binney and Co.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SOLEMN OPENING of ST. GEORGE'S CATHOLIC CHURCH. St. George's Road, Southwark, will take place on TUESDAY, the 4th of July, being the transferred Feast of St. Alban, Pro-Martyr of England, when the Right Rev. NICHOLAS WISEMAN, D.D., Bishop of Melipotamus, will officiate, both in the Morning and Afternoon, assisted by a numerous body of Foreign and British Bishops and Clergy. Pontifical High Mass at Eleven o'clock, at which BISHOP WISEMAN will preach; Solemn Vespers and Benediction, with a Discourse by the Right Rev. JAMES GILLIS, D.D., Bishop of Limyra, and Coadjutor of Edinburgh, at Five o'clock.

Cards of Admission (including both Services), for which offerings of One Guinea, Half a Guinea, or Five Shillings are expected, are to be obtained daily, from Eleven till Six, of Mr. GEORGE A. WHITE, at the Office in the Westminster Road, adjoining the new Church. Parties in the country should address the Secretary at 13 West Square, St. George's Road, Southwark. M. FORRISTALL, Sec.

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Further particulars may be had of W. O'CONNOR, Esq.
21 George Street, Portman Square.

FAMED THROUGHOUT THE GLOBE.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—DISORDER OF THE LIVER AND KIDNEYS.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. J. K. Heydon, dated 78 King Street, Sydney New South Wales, the 30th September, 1847.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—I have the pleasure to inform you that Stuart A. Donaldson, Esq., an eminent merchant and agriculturist, and also a magistrate of this town, called on me on the 18th instant, and purchased your medicines to the amount of Fourteen Pounds, to be forwarded to his Sheep Stations in New England. He stated that one of his Overseers had come to Sydney some time previously for medical aid, his disorder being an affection of the Liver and Kidneys; that he had placed the man for three months under the care of one of the best Surgeons, without any good resulting from the treatment: the man then, in despair, used your Pills and Ointment, and, much to his own and Mr. Donaldson's astonishment, was completely restored to his health by their means. Now this surprising cure was effected in about ten days.

(Signed) J. K. HEYDON.

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 towards the support of the Asylum of the Good Shepherd.
 London: C. Dolman, 61 New Bond Street.

On the 30th inst. will be published,
DOLMAN'S MAGAZINE for JULY.
 EDITED BY THE REV. E. PRICE.

CONTENTS.

- ART 1. A Glance at the Catholics of England.
 2. A Tale of the Sea. By L. A. Baker.
 3. Catholic Education. By Scott Nasmyth Stokes, Esq.
 4. The Convent Friends.
 5. Apology for Rood Screens.
 6. The Feelings at Forty.
 7. Italy. The Armenian Convent. By San Lazaro, Venice.
 8. Sick Calls: the Destitute Poor. By the Editor.

London: C. Dolman, 61 New Bond Street; Rockliff and Son, Liver-
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 steps, &c. as designed by him, which render the emission of any
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PRESENT TARIFF.		E. s. d.	E. s. d.
Solid Rosewood Chairs, French polished	0 15 0	each to 1 2 0	
Sets of eight Mahogany ditto	4 4 0	" 4 10 0	
Sets of eight Mahogany Trafalgar	4 16 0	" 5 10 0	
Gondola Easy Chairs (in leather)	1 8 0	" 1 16 0	
Langham Easy Chairs, spring stuffed	1 1 0	" 1 8 0	
Reclining Chairs, in leather, spring stuffed	2 0 0	" 3 5 0	
Patent Reclining Chairs, with leg rest, stuffed			
all hair, in morocco leather, on patent			
castors	6 0 0	" 8 10 0	
Mahogany Lounging Chairs, carved through-			
out, spring stuffed, in morocco, on pa-			
tent castors	3 4 0	" 3 10 0	
Couches, with loose squabs, all hair	2 15 0	" 3 15 0	
Mahogany Loo Tables, French polished	2 11 0	" 2 14 0	
Rosewood ditto, on pillars	3 10 0	" 4 8 0	
Rosewood Cheffoniers, with carved back and			
marble tops, three feet carved	3 5 0	" 3 10 0	
Four-feet carved Mahogany Sideboard, with			
draws and four doors, cellarets, and trays			
complete, French polished	4 12 0	" 5 15 6	
Mahogany Dining Tables, with sliding			
frames, loose leaves, and castors	3 12 6	" 5 5 0	
Mahogany Bedsteads, with cornices or poles,			
sacking or lath bottom, polished	4 0 0	" 4 15 0	
Superior ditto, massive pillars, carved, double			
screwed, and bracketed round	6 6 0	" 7 15 6	
Three-feet-six-inch Elliptic Wash-stands,			
marble tops	2 12 6	" 3 12 6	
Dressing Tables en suite	2 5 0	" 2 11 0	
Winged Wardrobes, with drawers in centres	8 10 0	" 15 0 0	
Three-feet Mahogany or Japanned Chest of			
Drawers	1 5 0	" 1 15 0	
Chamber Chairs, with cane or willow seats	0 3 0	" 0 5 0	
Chimney Glasses, in Gilt Frames, 30 by 18,			
to 40 by 24 inches	2 1 0	" 3 17 0	
Alva or Wool Mattress, 4 feet 6 inches	0 16 6	" 0 17 6	

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 Watch, and Clockmaker to the Queen, His Royal Highness Prince
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 to twelve months' public trial, begs to acquaint the public that the
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 CLOCKS, is SECURED to him by THREE SEPARATE PATENTS,
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